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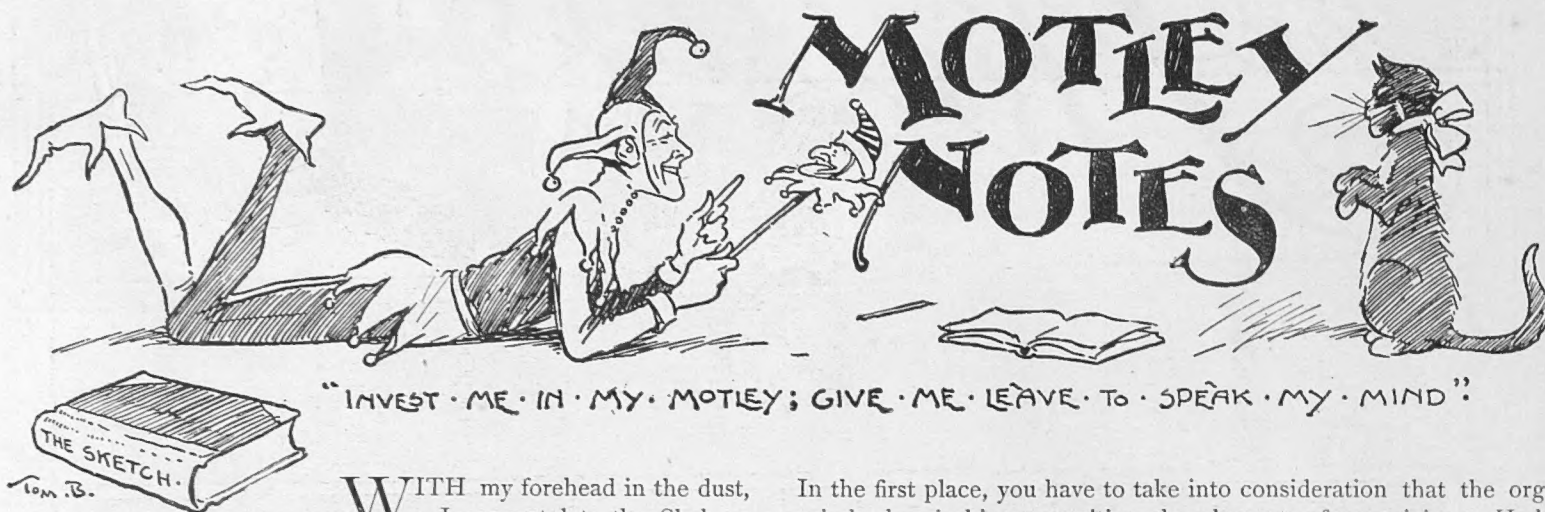
SIXPENCE.



MISS ZENA DARE IN THE NAME-PART OF "AN ENGLISH DAISY,"
THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY BY SEYMOUR HICKS AND WALTER SLAUGHTER.

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



WITH my forehead in the dust, I congratulate the Shah on his perspicacity in selecting the month of August for his visit to London. Had he come to us a little later, it would have been his painful duty to encourage our foremost dramatists by attempting to solve impossible problems or by simpering at epigrammatic trivialities. In his Imperial wisdom, however, he chose to look in upon us when the Joneses were in Margate and the Grundys were at rest, the consequence being that he has managed to exchange a sigh at the Garrick for a shout of laughter at the London Hippodrome, and a pyrotechnic display of witticisms at the St. James's for real rockets at the Crystal Palace. It must be very nice, I should think, to be a Shah, not only because you can have what you like to eat, but also for the negative reason that you can keep up a reputation for kindness without going to first-nights. I hasten to add that the authors and theatres here mentioned are never dull enough to be depressing, but there certainly are some playhouses and some dramatic writers in this city that might very quickly be improved if one happened to be in the position of a Shah.

His Imperial Majesty—I rather like writing that—His Imperial Majesty had lots of fun at the London Hippodrome. He was most tickled, I think, by the antics of a pair of clowns who dressed themselves up in any old rags and banged each other on the head with inflated bladders. I was awfully glad he laughed, because, had I been there without him, I fully believe that I should have voted the clowns rather stupid. No sooner did I observe the Imperial grin, however, than I at once appreciated the amusing side of the turn and was able to throw my head back and chuckle with ostentatious immoderation. The same thing, I feel sure, must have happened to lots of other people, for I never knew an evening at the Hippodrome go so well. I shouldn't be surprised to find that Mr. Moss had secured a Royal personage as a permanent attraction; the consummate genius of this man in all matters connected with the showman world becomes more and more evident every week. Nothing could have excelled the tasteful magnificence of the arrangements made for the reception of the Shah.

In "A Message from Mars," you will remember, Mr. Charles Hawtrey testified several times nightly to the worthiness of the police-force. I have no doubt that the audience frequently contained some of those misguided bigots who will persist in believing that a policeman is half a coward and half a bully. The majority, however, would certainly be ready to endorse Horace Parker's enthusiastic gag, "Grand force, the police!" and the soundness of their judgment has been further proved by the recent statement made in a police-court to the effect that the police allow the barrel-organs to perform in the streets for the very excellent reason that these instruments are a source of innocent pleasure to the children. After all, what does it matter if a few liverish old curmudgeons object to the music in our streets? Surely, the world was made for the young, and not for curmudgeons! For myself, I may be liverish, but I am not a curmudgeon, inasmuch as I rejoice in the cornets and the zithers and the barrel-organs that relieve the monotony of inharmonious brawlings and screeching motor-cars. Let the barrel-organs play on, say I, and God save the police!

As a matter of fact, the street-musician is worthy of a much higher place on the ladder of society than that to which he has so far been allowed to climb. It looks very easy, I know, to turn the handle of a barrel-organ, but, believe me, to perform the task with any degree of skill requires a far greater force of character that need be brought to bear upon such an ordinarily mechanical task as keeping ledgers.

In the first place, you have to take into consideration that the organ-grinder has in his composition the elements of a musician. Had he not, he would hardly have embarked upon the sea of so precarious a profession. Granted, then, that he has the artistic soul, what strength of mind it must require to turn a handle according to one time and play a tune at another! Even Sir Frederick Bridge himself, one of the foremost organists of the Coronation Year, might well hesitate before putting his hand to such a task. And yet the professional organ-grinder must daily and hourly endure this torture; nay, if he wishes to earn a sufficient number of pennies to nerve his arm for the work of the morrow, he must trample ruthlessly upon all that is best and finest in his nature.

Then, with regard to street musicians generally, I must admit that I admire them for their restrained Bohemianism. Gipsies at heart, they yet compel themselves to linger in the crowded alleys of this teeming city rather than seek the sweet fresh air of the open highways which is their natural birthright. If Fate had had me born a cornet-player, I really do not think that I could have possessed my soul in patience and the corner of a fifth-floor Whitechapel back. I am sure I should have persuaded myself that a man with a soul of any size ought to take it out into the air and the light and the sunshine. Not so the noble-minded martyrs who puff the sorrows of Dolly Gray through the brazen-throated sirens of our streets. Rather do they recognise that their mission in life is to delight the pirouetting pantomime fairy, to cheer the waiting cabman, to inspirit the lion-hearted policeman. And so they stay with us, week in gaol and week out, enduring, without a murmur, the penny insults of the ignorant many and the gilded patronage of the adjacent "pub."

But, lest you should be surprised, innocent reader, at the warmth with which I espouse the cause of the "busker," perhaps I ought to tell you that, once upon a time, I was in the same line myself. It was not, I shamefacedly admit, for very long, but I certainly was in it. The story is much too complicated and far too valuable to be laid before you in a note or two. As a mere matter of personal justice, I must make a great deal more of it than that. But this much I may tell you: I found the work exceedingly hard and the remuneration exceedingly small. My comparative failure, I am pleased to tell myself, was attributable to lack of experience rather than to lack of talent; nevertheless, I am not sorry that I washed my nose (I was the comedian of the party) and took to journalism. It is difficult enough, Heaven is my witness, to squeeze sovereigns out of an editor; it is next-door to impossible to wring pennies out of an audience of maudlin market-women and lop-sided labourers. One thing, at any rate, I learnt from my busking experiences, and that was to cry, with Horace Parker, "Grand force, the police!" I mean, of course, that on more than once occasion they were instrumental in saving my life.

Before I conclude, I have just space, I think, to accede to the request of several correspondents and express my opinion on the Silly Season question of the year, "Should Women Work?" Well, it will not take me long to do that. Most certainly and decidedly, women should not work. The proper function of the creature feminine is to keep a doll's-house and look after her dolls. It doesn't matter what we happen to call the doll of the moment. It may be a thing of wax, or a thing of straw, or a thing of gold. It may be a baby-doll, or a boy-doll, or a man-doll. Whatever sort of gollywog it is, the woman should be content to look after it and leave the rest of the nursery to her brothers. If she wanders about the floor and attempts to join in the rough games, she is sure to get hurt.

Chicot



THE NEW HAYMARKET COMEDY, "THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Shah—The Boer Generals.

THOSE Europeans who have had the greatest opportunities of seeing our Royal visitor, the Shah, in his own kingdom and judging his character all agree that he is a very kind, a very gentle, a very weak, and a very humane man, and all of them have specially noted the sadness that is his principal characteristic. There always seems to be in his eyes a great sorrow. Whatever deeds of cruelty are done in Persia in the name of the law—and there are many—are not sanctioned by the Ruler, though his name is often enough used by people very close to the throne. I was much impressed by the account given me once by a European who saw the Shah on the evening of a day on which an attempt had been made on his life. In the ante-chambers the punishment of the would-be assassin was being discussed, and if there had been any suggestion that could better the old-time method of torturing a man and killing him at the same time by putting him into a pit up to his neck and then filling the hole with liquid plaster of Paris, it would have been welcomed; but inside the Royal chamber there was no thought of revenge—the Ruler of the country wished the man's life to be spared—there was only a great sorrow. The Shah sat with his hands in his lap, his great dark eyes looking straight before him. He had not been in the least frightened, not even agitated, when the man had tried to kill him, but now a great grief was upon him that any one of his subjects should wish to take his life. "Why should the man wish to kill me? What harm had I done to him? Have I not tried to be just and merciful to all my people?" he kept saying. My informant had been admitted to the Royal presence to congratulate the Ruler on his happy escape. He left with his little, flattering speech unspoken, for he felt that, in the face of the great unhappiness of the Ruler over millions, it would sound thin, tinkling, and unreal.

The Shah must thoroughly have appreciated the courtesy of our King in crossing the Solent so as to meet him at Portsmouth, for the Persian Ruler is a remarkably bad sailor, and even the short trip to Cowes would be a misery to him. Quite apart from the physical suffering of *mal de mer*, I am sure that Sovereigns when they meet always wish to look at their best, and the "Centre of the Universe," just like ordinary men, does not like to appear on an important occasion with a pea-green complexion. King Edward was anxious to please his brother Sovereign, and his gracious and winning manner, the power to attract which our King possesses in a supreme degree, had its effect on the Oriental Ruler, who is weary of most things in this world—more than all, of the flattery of courtiers—and to whom to be met on a level by a charming man of the world must be a new and delightful experience. Therefore, there was ample reason why the Shah should have smiled in Portsmouth. Why the Shah smiled in the Marylebone Road only he and one or two members of his suite know, but it is a compliment to the great waxwork show that His Imperial Majesty should have been pleased with his inanimate double.

The Boer Generals are coming back to London, and propose eventually to make a lecturing tour of the great cities of England to obtain money to assist the poorest of the Boers who have suffered during the War. Against the formation of such a fund there is nothing to be said, and it is to be presumed that the Generals will give an indication before they start on their tour of the lines on which it is to be administered. Indeed, if the Boer Generals chose to go a-lecturing to line their own pockets, no man would grudge them a golden harvest. The manner in which they will be received in England, however, matters a good deal, and will be very closely watched in South Africa. The great British public, and a section of Society as well, is apt to be hysterical. Mrs. Lyon Hunter,

who works heaven and earth to secure the presence of an unwilling celebrity at a party, does not differ very much from the brainless, tattered loafer who loves a crowd and will shout for anybody. The Boer Generals are level-headed men, the most masterful of the farmers of two States which are now our new Colonies, themselves corresponding in many ways to our great yeomen farmers in such a county as Yorkshire. They have obtained their ascendancy over their fellows by the skill with which they have adapted the lessons learned in game-shooting to the sterner work of war, by their shrewdness in managing men, and by their devotion to their Fatherland. Such men as these are not likely to be favourably impressed by hysterical crowds or gushing hostesses. They have been our enemies; they have accepted the inevitable with more than good grace, and during the past fortnight have stood well the test of being amongst their pretended friends on the Continent, all trying to lure or surprise them into a statement that they regret the oath of allegiance they have taken. We hope to make these, the types of the best of the Boers, our friends; but that is only to be done by keeping their respect. Our men who have fought have drawn from their adversaries unstinted praise; and when I recall what the Boers said of the British after Majuba, the

change in this respect is immense. Do not let the men who stayed at home undo this work. It used to be said that our politicians always threw away the advantages gained by our armies; now it seems as though our crowds in the streets are attempting to play the politicians' part. When you have fought with a man, knocked him down, and, after a hard fight, have shaken hands with him, you have a genuine respect for him, but you do not want to kiss him while your nose is still sore and your eyes are both black. Give all decent honour to our late adversaries—our friends in the future, we hope—give them money if they ask it for a good cause, but do not earn their contempt by slobbering over them.

THE SHAH'S PURCHASES.

During the stay of the Persian Monarch, Marlborough House courtyard was alive with would-be sellers awaiting his pleasure. Cabs loaded with every sort of merchandise came and went, and from the expressions on the faces of the occupants it was not difficult to see whether they had been blessed with success. Things of the kind that such a potentate might have been expected to choose have not drawn much from his purse. The Shah loves military mechanisms, and to these he has principally turned. Quite a number of the wonders at Sir Hiram Maxim's factory were purchased, a collection of these weapons having been sent for His Majesty's inspection. In them he took the keenest interest, desired to see the contrivance taken to pieces and fitted together, and

watched closely, as the trigger clicked, the manner in which the string of cartridges was fired and ejected.

An Edisonograph will most likely find its way into the palace at Teheran. Already His Majesty possesses a similar apparatus, but he was greatly delighted with that in use at the Hippodrome. It happened thus: When His Majesty attended the great show of "The Bandits," on Thursday, he missed among the preliminary "turns" a representation of his own arrival in London. Being told of this on Friday morning, before starting for Woolwich, he expressed a desire to see himself in the living pictures. His wish was immediately communicated to the Hippodrome. The Shah and his party went down from Charing Cross, saw Woolwich and the Artillery, and returned shortly after three o'clock to the residence of the Prince of Wales. There, in one of the rooms, the Edisonograph was ready. The first views thrown on the sheet were scenes of the Shah's departure for the Arsenal and of His Majesty's inspecting the batteries on parade. So pleased, indeed, was His Majesty that he requested the Edisonograph Company to supply for his private use in Persia a copy of the several views exhibited. Following his mechanical bent, he is stated also to have ordered in London some ten motors, and, had there been time before his departure, he might have taken lessons in the art of motoring.

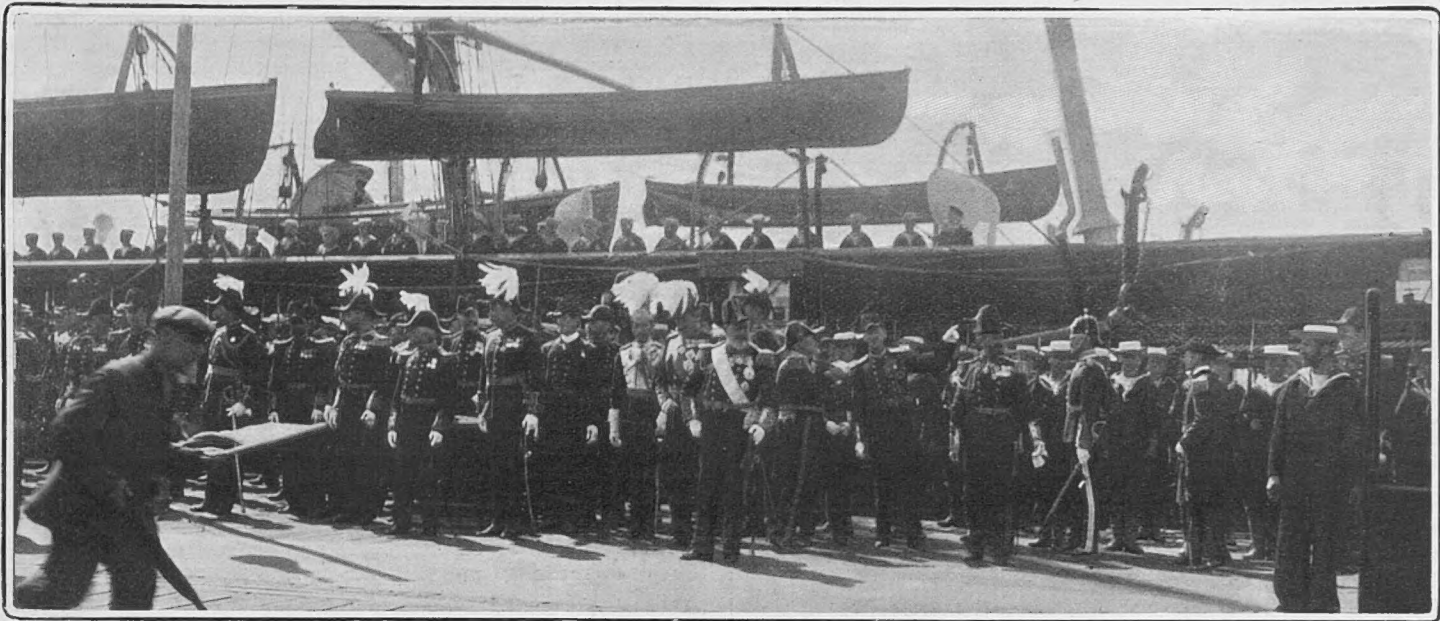


KING EDWARD WALKING ALONG PORTSMOUTH JETTY
(WEDNESDAY, AUG. 20) TO MEET THE SHAH.

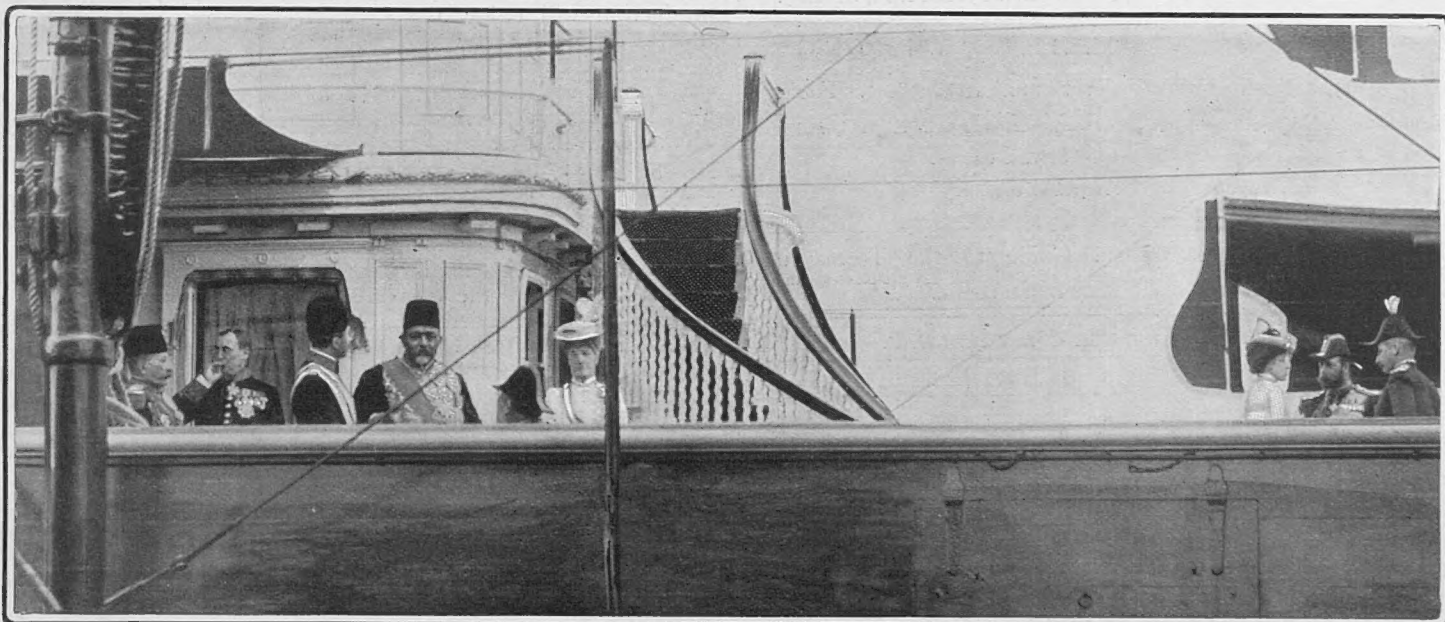
Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE KING AT PORTSMOUTH

LAST WEDNESDAY (AUGUST 20).



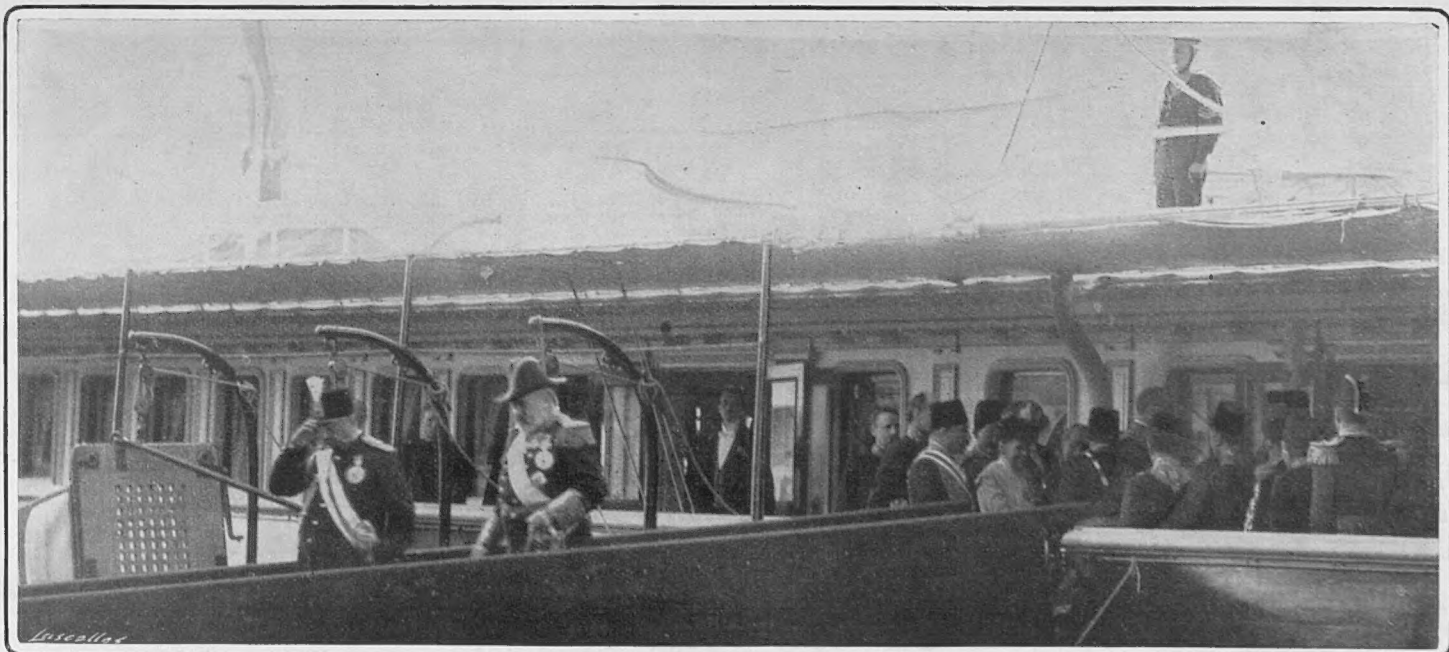
THE KING AND STAFF WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH'S TRAIN.



King Edward. Queen Alexandra.

Princess Victoria. Prince of Wales.

THE ROYAL PARTY AND THEIR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



THE KING ESCORTING THE SHAH OFF THE YACHT; QUEEN ALEXANDRA BIDDING GOOD-BYE TO MEMBERS OF THE IMPERIAL SUITE.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

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A CLIMB ON THE PYRENEES.
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*Kensington	9 10	...	10 15	11 15	...
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"THERE'S MANY A SLIP," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"**TRADUTTORI TRADITORI**" once more comes true, for by infidelity to the work of Scribe and Legouv  Mr. Marshall has done injustice to the famous comedy, "Bataille de Dames." He has endeavoured to improve; he has added jokelets of his own, has ignored the real point of some of the original *mots*, has heightened one emotional note, purposelessly and artistically kept low by the authors, and has converted a character of comedy into a comic character. The result is that the title chosen by him fitly describes his work. If, instead of choosing a writer who at one time seemed full of promise, the managers had instructed an ordinary scribe who can write English and understands French and commissioned him to make a translation—not a "version"—the result would have been better. There are several cases where the original has point, translatable, and the new version has none. It may be that Mr. Marshall worked without enthusiasm. No wonder. Nothing but complete reconstruction would make "The Ladies' Battle" into a modern comedy. Subject, feeling, and style all are 1851, and the result of the new writer's tinkering is merely to destroy what harmony existed and give patchwork instead. Scribe took a theme—the contest of two women for the heart of the young man whom they are trying to save from an arrest that promises death—which could be handled with intense display of emotion and thrills of excitement, or as a lively play of polite intrigue with scenes of agreeable sentimentalism. He chose the latter, and Mr. Marshall has tried to improve his work by forcing the note of emotion, and yet, strange to say, has eliminated the one thrilling moment by making de Grignon, who, though naturally timid, determines by force of love to sacrifice his life, a low-comedy character.

No doubt the art of play-writing has come a long way from Scribe, or even Scribe and Legouv , but I do not think that would matter in the least in London at the present moment; probably, the new production will enjoy a run, and I have no doubt that a closer translation, if the cast were stronger, would have a very great success.

It is curious that we seem to have so few "juvenile leads" of any quality. That Mr. Marsh Allen is a young actor of some talent may be admitted, but he has not the dignity of person or the style for Henri, beloved by the thirty-three-year-old Countess and the pretty young niece; and, seeing that at another theatre exactly the same state of things exists, one can but imagine there is a strange and deplorable dearth of "juvenile leads." Mr. Cyril Maude causes laughter as the de Grignon, half-coward, half-plucky; but I fancy the authors must have turned in their graves if they saw the transformation, or deformation, of the character, and the wilful destruction of the dramatic effect intended when he forces his courage to the sticking-point. Miss Winifred Emery acted the laughter scenes of her part very brightly, and my complaint concerning the emotional is rather as to conception than execution. Mr. H. B. Irving, the Baron Montrichard, is the most notable figure in the performance and acts with invaluable strength and suggestion of character. By-the-bye, the audience—or rather, part of it—frequently asked the players to speak louder, and yet, where I was sitting, in the purgatorial back row of the stalls, designed, presumably, for legless, armless people, they all were easily audible. I wonder whether the theatre has peculiar acoustic qualities, a deafness is becoming common, or whether some of the requests were not made in good faith.

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Dublin, 1902.

HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King in Scotland.

His Majesty is expected to arrive at Balmoral on Saturday (Aug. 30), and, for the first time for over fifty years, the Sovereign of these realms will have travelled to Scotland by sea. Queen Victoria paid her first visit to the Land of the Heather in the autumn of 1842, and she and Prince Albert went the whole way by sea, landing at Granton Pier, within a drive of Edinburgh. Not till the August of 1847 was the then Prince of Wales judged old enough to accompany his parents during a delightful tour made by them round the west coast of Scotland. Of this journey there are some amusing details given in the late Sovereign's "Journal." The Royal party started from Osborne in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and they made quite a prolonged tour, landing at Aberdeen. Very shortly after, the Queen and Prince Albert decided to purchase Balmoral estate.

The Prince of Wales is, apparently, as devoted to Norfolk as are his august parents. His Royal Highness has just become the owner of a charming little estate which is valued at seven thousand pounds, and which includes a commodious, though very simple, country house, from the windows of which a beautiful view of sea and wood is discernible. The estate is only separated from the Royal demesne by a road. Should the Prince and Princess remove their household gods from Sandringham Cottage to their new premises, the Royal cottage will probably become the residence of certain members of His Majesty's Household.

The Princess of Wales and her children have now been settled at Abergeldie for nearly a fortnight. Abergeldie Castle is a delightful example of the old Scottish baronial style. The quaint white mass of building is beautifully situated, and occupies one of the finest sites on Deeside. Though actually the property of the Gordon family, it was leased by Queen Victoria very soon after her purchase of the Balmoral estate, and for some years it was the Scottish home of the Duchess of Kent. At Abergeldie the then Prince and Princess of Wales spent many autumns during the years which immediately followed their marriage, and when they finally gave up possession of the old stronghold—for that it has remained—Queen Victoria lent the Castle successively to several of her relations.

Procession Saturday.

The King seems determined that the poorest of his subjects shall in future share in all the great gala functions. It was evidently for this reason chosen for the Coronation Day, and now it is announced that the Sovereign's drive-through South London will

probably take place on a Saturday—that is, on Oct. 18. It is hoped that the Court will be in residence at Buckingham Palace during the month of November, for the little winter season which immediately precedes Christmas is often quite as brilliant as that which commences in May and ends in July.

A Queen Nun.

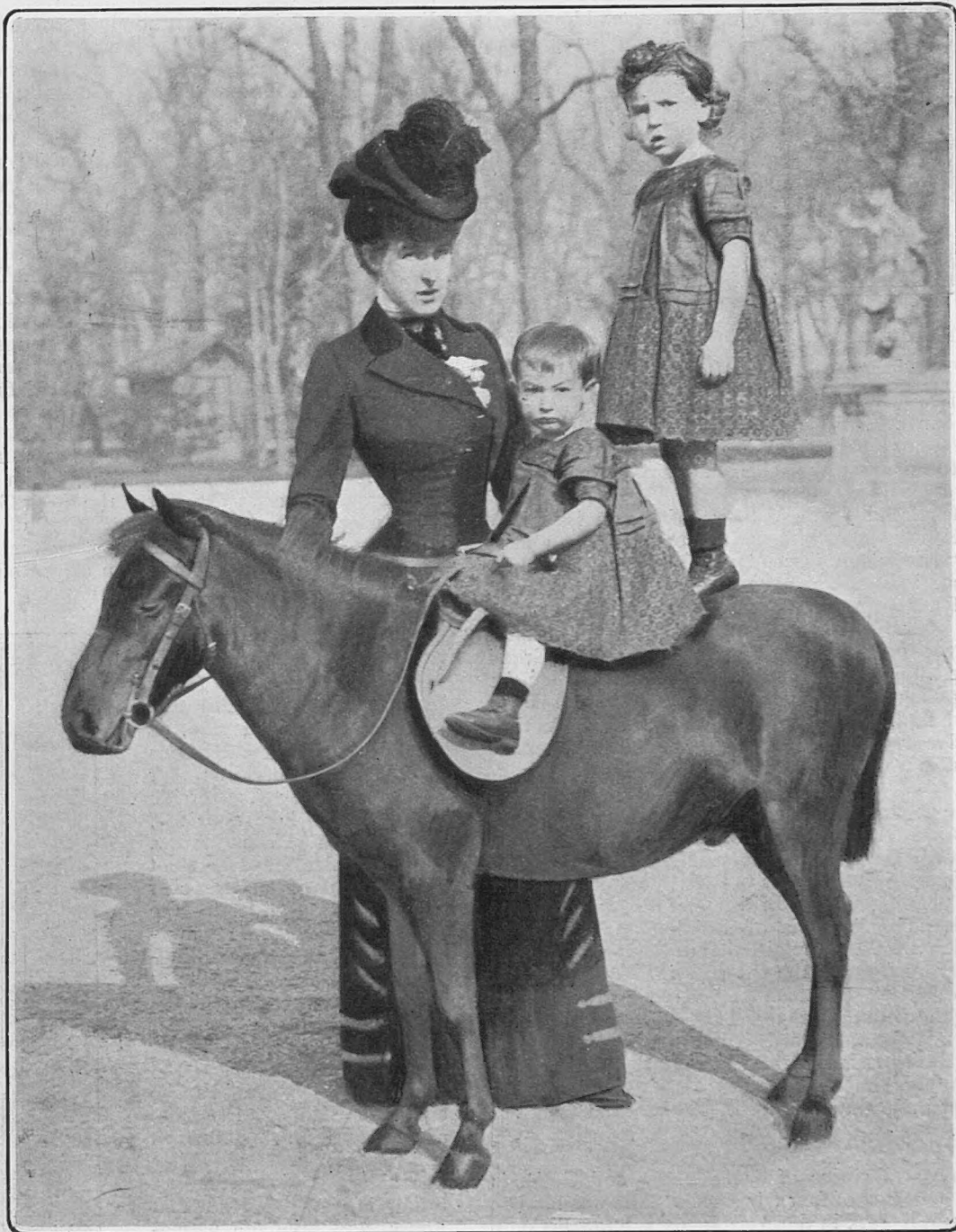
The fact that the King and Queen paid a visit to Northwood, Mr. Granville Ward's beautiful property, now a Benedictine Convent, in the Isle of Wight, need arouse no alarm among members of the Ladies' League. Their Majesties only went to pay a friendly call on the Queen-nun, as the Royal Benedictine may well style herself, for her late husband died as the ex-King of Portugal, and her son, Prince Miguel, is one of the many Pretenders to European thrones, who "if right were might," would see themselves hailed as Sovereigns.

I publish a rare group just taken of H.R.H. the Duchess d'Aosta and her two children on their English pony in the grounds of the Royal residence at Turin. The Duchess, who has just attained her thirty-first birthday, is well known in English Society. As the King and Queen of Italy have no son, her husband is still the Heir to the Throne. He was born Jan. 13, 1869, and has paid frequent visits to this country both before and after marriage. Their children are Prince Amedeo of Savoia-Aosta Heir to the Throne, born Oct. 21, 1898, and Prince Aimone, born March 9, 1900. Both the Duke and Duchess are equestrians, and their little sons seem to have inherited their parents' great love of horses. The

Duchess's elder sister is the equally handsome Queen Amélie of Portugal, the only Royal lady "M.D." in Europe, and her brother is the Duke d'Orléans, "King Louis Philippe VIII. of France." The Duke and Duchess came over for the Coronation in June. The Duke was then also made a "K.G." by King Edward.

The Grand Duke Boris's Escape.

It would indeed have been terrible had the awful Fair tragedy been followed by one involving a member of the Russian Imperial Family. The Grand Duke Boris, between whom and the Imperial throne only three lives now stand, is making a tour in America, and during a few days' visit to Chicago he imprudently started off in a motor-car, himself the driver, of whose mechanism he knew little or nothing. After a time the Imperial *chauffeur* came to utter grief, and his motor-car collided with a tree. Fortunately, the car was not going at any great pace, and the Grand Duke escaped with a severe shaking.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA WITH HER TWO SONS AND THEIR ENGLISH PONY.

From a Photograph taken in the grounds of the Royal Palace at Turin.

The Coming Generation.

A cynical observer of human nature—or rather, of London Society—observed some time ago, “Wonders will never cease. Children have become the fashion!” And so it is. Time was, and not so long ago, when even the prettiest little people were always banished to the nursery, and only burst upon an astonished world as undergraduates and débutantes. Now, thanks, it may be whispered, to the art-

photographers, even babies have their little day, and youthful matrons attend afternoon functions attended by one or more of their pretty darlings. The British race has always been famed for the beauty of its children; and, of the many lovely children whose graceful charm of appearance promises well for the future generation, those of Mrs. Broderick deserve a very special word of praise.



MRS. BRODERICK'S CHILDREN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

honour of King Edward's Coronation. Many of Europe's fairest Princesses are closely connected with our own Royal Family, and of the charming quartette whose portraits grace the opposite page no fewer than three stand to His Majesty in the relation of niece.

The Grand Duchess Serge.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia is, strictly speaking, the most beautiful woman among Queen Victoria's many descendants. The second daughter of Princess Alice, she was left motherless at the age of fourteen, and therefore spent much of her girlhood in this country. The beauty of Princess Elizabeth of Hesse brought many suitors to Darmstadt, including, it is said, the present German Emperor. The Grand Duke Serge proved successful, and their marriage took place when the bride was on the eve of her twentieth birthday. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess have both antiquarian and artistic tastes. As they are childless, they travel a great deal, and Her Imperial Highness is one of the few Royal ladies who have been to the Holy Land.

The Crown Princess of Roumania.

The young Crown Princess of Roumania has just terminated a delightful sojourn in her native land. Lovely, gracious, and possessing to a high degree the art of dress, this future Queen seems to have inherited from her parents all that is most pleasing in the British and Russian natures. *Née* Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria of Edinburgh, Her Royal Highness spent her childhood and early girlhood at Eastwell Park and at Clarence House. Her marriage to the Crown Prince of Roumania took place when she was only seventeen and very shortly after her father had succeeded to the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Crown Princess, in addition to her artistic tastes and love of pretty things—she is certainly the best-dressed Princess on the Continent—is a devoted wife and mother, and never happier than when leading a quiet existence at the quaint country Castle of Pelesch, the favourite home of Carmen Sylva.

A Maiden Princess.

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha is the youngest of four fair sisters. She was born at Eastwell Park in the April of 1884, and so is only just eighteen. This Royal maiden has a unique distinction—that of being burthened with only one Christian name. Her Royal Highness is, like her three sisters, very clever and accomplished. Rumours of her engagement to more than one great potentate have been current of late, but she shows no wish to follow the example of the Crown Princess of Roumania, the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who were all married before their nineteenth birthdays.

Princess Albert of Flanders.

The future Queen of the Belgians is only related by marriage to our Sovereign. She is one of the bevy of daughters of the Duke-oculist, Theodore of Bavaria, and her marriage to King Leopold's nephew was quite a romance. Prince Albert of Flanders, a quiet, studious youth, recalling in many respects his famous namesake, the late Prince Consort, seemed to have a positive distaste for matrimony. While staying, however, with a married sister in France, the Prince met Duke Theodore and Princess Elizabeth touring incognito, and straightway the future King of the Belgians fell in love at first sight. Their marriage has proved, so far, an exceptionally happy one. The

Princess is much beloved in Brussels, and she is the proud mother of a baby Prince, born last year.

A Dutch Countess.

The new Countess of Arran, in spite of her foreign birth and name, was, before her marriage, well known in London Society, for Baron and Baroness de Kattendyk are very fond of this country, and are connected with several members of the British nobility. The wedding took place at Hambledon Church, close to the home of Lord Arran's sister, Lady Esther Smith. Indeed, the simple reception, attended only by very intimate friends and relations, took place at Greenlands, Mr. W. D. Smith's delightful riverside residence. Lady Arran is, at the present time, the only Dutch Peeress. Curiously few British noblemen go abroad for their wives—for America cannot in any real sense be regarded as a foreign country. It is, however, an interesting fact that the Duchess of Devonshire, though she has now been an Englishwoman by marriage for half a century, is entirely Hanoverian, and has not a drop of English blood in her veins. It was confidently expected that the distinguished writer and politician, Mr. Lecky, would become a Coronation Peer; had he done so, there would have been another Dutch Peeress, for his accomplished and clever wife is a Dutch lady, and was, before her marriage, a Maid-of-Honour to the late Queen.

Popular Heroes.

I cannot sympathise altogether with the good folk who sought to make social heroes against their will of the Boer Generals in London. They had only themselves to blame if they got snubbed. Messrs. Botha, Delarey, and De Wet are in Europe on business, and came to London, not in order to be cheered by Tom, Dick, and Harry, but to accomplish some business with the Government, and to raise some money here and elsewhere. It would surely have been better form to greet them courteously and with respect when they appeared in public, without intruding in any way on their privacy. I expect that, if the truth were known, we should find that these great Boer leaders did their remarkable work to save their country, and not to earn the applause of the man in the British street. In the execution of their undoubted duty they inflicted some serious reverses and heavy losses upon us; there is surely no particular satisfaction in that for the crowd that cheers. Moreover, the Boer Generals are beaten if not bitter men, and the noisy demonstrations of the section of the public that contributed little or nothing to the history of the war save Mafficking Night must have been as worthless to them as they were distasteful to the more restrained Britons of every station.

Lord Ossulton, the pretty little son of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, is one of the Peers' elder sons who have Americans for mothers. Lady Tankerville was, before her marriage, Miss Leonora Van Marter, the descendant of an ancient and honoured Knickerbocker family, and she is one of the most beautiful of Transatlantic Countesses. Chillingham Castle, Lord Ossulton's historic home, is one of the finest of the stately homes of Northumberland.

Lord Dudley should make a popular “King” of Ireland, as he is a thorough sportsman and very genial. Lord Dudley was at one time very fond of riding in National Hunt Flat Races, and although permanently lame, he shaped very well in the saddle, thanks to the tuition given him by his uncle, Mr. Rony Moncrieffe. It is expected in Ireland that the new Lord-Lieutenant will have a few steeplechasers in training at the Curragh, and it is hoped that he may soon possess an animal worthy to compete for the Grand National. Earl Cadogan owns a very smart chaser in Tiny White, and if Lord Dudley could but get one capable of beating that horse, he would only have Ambush II. to reckon with at Liverpool. Lord Dudley has in his time been a good polo-player, and at present he engages freely in golf. Since his old Field Club days, Lord Dudley has speculated mildly, and he is now seemingly graduating for a politician. Lord Dudley's brother, the Hon. R. Ward, was a capital rider, both on the flat and over a country.



LORD OSSULTON.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

OUR RECENT GUESTS: A ROYAL QUARTETTE.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.



PRINCESS ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

Photograph by Otto, Paris.



THE GRAND DUCHESS SERGE OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Giacomo Brogi, Florence.



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG.

Photograph by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

Mrs. Craigie. The fair part-author of "The Bishop's Move" is one of those fortunate women whose christening must have been attended by a group of quite exceptionally kind fairies. So clever that her beauty is sometimes forgotten, so good-looking that often her feminine charm only is remembered, she holds a curious and, indeed, a unique position in the literary and social London world. American by birth and Roman Catholic by conviction, "John Oliver Hobbes" affords a piquant contrast, and this not only as a writer but as a woman. What other modern author has really invented a new phrase? "Some Emotions and a Moral" has passed into current speech, and is often used, notably by leader-writers, in the oddest connection. Mrs. Craigie, like so many of her less gifted sisters of the pen, aspires to become a leading playwright, and, in spite of one or two trifling *contretemps*, she is on the high road to success, for the gossamer-like quality of "The Bishop's Move" seems to have caught the fancy of the August playgoer.



MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS").

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

the gossamer-like quality of "The Bishop's Move" seems to have caught the fancy of the August playgoer.

Mohammed Es Senussi. The death of the great Arab Sheikh, Mohammed Es Senussi, removes from the surface of the earth one of the most interesting of its inhabitants.

He was the son of the Senussi who started the great movement towards a regenerated Islam half-a-century ago, a movement that has succeeded in gathering together from four to six millions of fighting men. The first Senussi, after being in Constantinople and Cairo for some years, retired to a most inaccessible district in the hinterland of Tripoli, and from that secluded place sent his apostles out all over Mohammedan territory and received the reports of his adherents. Several Europeans endeavoured to see the elder Senussi, and, after his death, to visit the son, but nobody was allowed to approach the oasis in the desert where the great man dwelt. Of late years, Mohammed Es Senussi the younger moved westward towards the borders of the Central African kingdom that France is working so hard to establish, and there were rumours to the effect that some of his retainers had come to blows with French military posts at Kanem. Neither father nor son was a firebrand, but waited for a great event that never came off, and that desired event was a war between two or more of the Great Powers in Northern Africa.

The Senussi's Policy. A year or two ago, about the time when Mr. Threlfall wrote a remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, pointing out the rise, growth, and present power of the Senussiyeh, I met in North Africa a curious man who came from the Lebanon, where he was brought up as a Christian, lived in the Levant for years, picking up half-a-dozen European languages, and then 'verted to Islam and joined some of the Faithful who were engaged in running rifles and other weapons on the coast of Tripoli, where the Senussi's agents received them. He professed to know all about the Senussi's policy, and said that the regenerator of Islam wished to see a war between Great Britain and France apropos of Egypt or Morocco. Father and son had expected the war, and were confident that it would come. In the end they were convinced that England would be unable to repress the great rising among her Mohammedan subjects, soldiers and civilians, that would be ordered from Joffo, the headquarters of the Senussi; while the French African Empire, from St. Louis Senegal down to the far eastern borders of Algeria, would be taken away and restored to the Mohammedan control. At the time of writing nobody knows who will succeed Mohammed Es Senussi, though many of the world's rulers would like to.

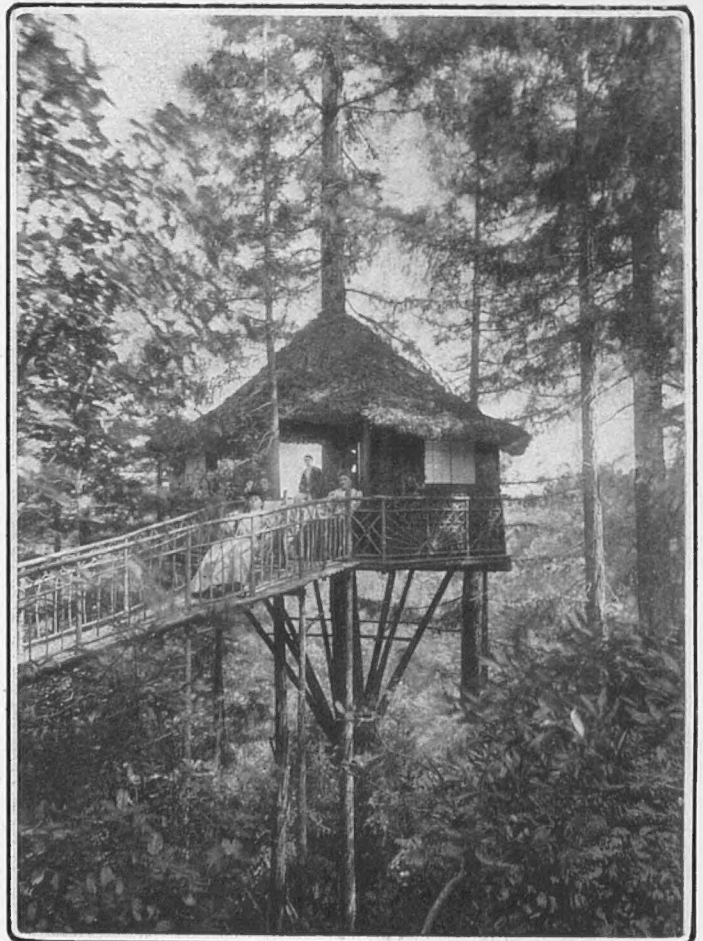
From the North. Reports from the moors continue to be very good and to dispel the rather dismal anticipations that were current a few weeks ago. Bags may not be so heavy as they were last year, but, taken altogether, they are better than the average, and were doubtless improved by the spell of fine weather that came to

Scotland just before the Twelfth and lasted for several days. Among the big bags taken down to the time of writing, I note one consisting *inter alia* of one hundred and fifteen brace of grouse, shot over dogs, on the moors of Balmacaan, at the top of Glen Urquhart, in Inverness-shire. Balmacaan belongs to the Dowager Countess of Seafield, and is let at a very heavy rental to Mr. Bradley Martin. The deer-forest covers nearly thirty thousand acres and yields splendid stags; there are ten thousand acres or more of low-ground shooting; and two good trout-streams, the Enerick and the Coilty, go through the estate. It is reckoned one of the best sporting estates in Scotland, but, even then, one hundred and fifteen brace of grouse in a day over dogs remain a big achievement. At the butts, of course, the figures would have excited no comment; a day's driving on some of Britain's most celebrated moors has yielded a four-figure bag. Dallowgill and Bolton, in Yorkshire—belonging respectively to the Marquis of Ripon and the Duke of Devonshire—and Moy Hall, in Inverness-shire—belonging to that celebrated sportsman, The Mackintosh—have been the scene of record driving achievements.

Columbus Played Out.

One by one our old idols come crashing down from their pinnacles in the Temple of Fame, in obedience to the laws of gravitation set in force by some pitiless and aspiring critic. Shakspeare has been fiercely assaulted, and survives in spite of Mrs. Gallup and other amiable eccentrics, but our old friend Christopher Columbus has received a very severe shock. Mr. Henry Vignaud, First Secretary of the United States Embassy at Paris, has just published a book showing that the great Genoese navigator owes a large part of his fame to Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus, the navigator's son, who did not scruple to call forgery to their aid in order to give to the astute Christopher honour belonging to another man. This is not the place to follow Mr. Vignaud through a long and apparently conclusive argument; the great lesson it teaches us is to be sparing in our admiration. We may yet learn that King Alfred the Great was no better than he should have been, that George Washington was not always truthful, that Julius Caesar's Commentaries were written for the publisher and were a biased narrative throughout, that Sir Philip Sidney sent water to the wounded soldier at Zutphen because he himself preferred whisky. Nowadays, it seems perfectly possible to prove or disprove anything, and scepticism is fast becoming the only reasonable attitude. I am very sorry for Christopher Columbus not the less. He and Robinson Crusoe were the heroes of my early life, and I cannot surrender my interest in them without a deep regret.

House in a Tree. This delightful residence in a tree was built by its present owner and occupier, Mr. George Marshland, at the foot of Mount Temalpais, Mill Valley, near San Francisco. The retreat is over fifty feet above the ground, has two rooms, and a balcony runs right round it.



HOUSE BUILT IN A TREE.

Photograph by Weidner, San Francisco.

A Church Destroyed by Lightning.

One of the photographs on this page shows the parish church of the village of Swanscombe, Kent, as it stood from the thirteenth century till the fatal evening of Aug. 14, when it was almost entirely destroyed by lightning. The damage done was so great that only a portion of the chancel has been saved. The other illustration shows a search being made amid the ruins for the church key.

Up the River.

It speaks well for the energy and devotion of rowing-men that the up-river regattas should have been so successful this season, in spite of the abominable weather. From the middle of June, when Walton started the season, the Saturday afternoons, which are usually so enjoyable with their regattas, have been rendered dingy by the necessity of wearing macintoshes and carrying umbrellas instead of the flannels and smart summer dresses which in a normal season make the river so gay and cheery. Sunbury was luckier than most places, and, in the evening, the illuminations on the lawn and the display of fireworks were not spoiled by a downpour of rain, as has been the case at most of the up-river meetings. But nothing can damp the enthusiasm of the riverman, and wherever there is a race he is to be found, "rain or shine," as Buffalo Bill used to say.

A Disastrous Thames Season.

But though rowing-men are content to brave the weather, those who frequent the Thames for pleasure are more easily driven away. It is all very well to lie about under the trees on the Thames reaches in a punt or a skiff when the sun is shining with midsummer warmth and one's mind is filled with thoughts of iced drinks. But, when the wind whistles down the river and sends the rain scudding before it, it is quite another matter, for no one cares to sit huddled in a waterproof, as if it were November. Never have the boatmen and landladies had such a miserable season. To look at any reach up the river, one might fancy it was March and not August, were it not for the leaves. Hardly a boat or a launch is to be seen, and even the fine intervals in which the sun does shine attract no one to the riverside. In Henley last week it was possible to get rooms without engaging them long beforehand; and in all the towns along the Valley, where usually there is not a room to be had in August, the cards in the windows tell the stray visitor that he can take his choice and that he is as much master of the situation as at an early Eastertide.

The Ruined Holidays.

But it is the same everywhere. In London the Coronation season did not bring the flow of gold which it was expected to produce; but, though people did not spend much money in town, they were equally thrifty in the country, for the only complaint is that it is useless to go on excursions, as the result is only a drenching and ruined clothes. In Scotland, the big folk who go to shoot grouse are not much affected by the rain, but the thousands of

smaller people who fill the hotels and hydropathic establishments, are sitting shivering indoors dressed in thick tweeds instead of driving about in summer style. The coaches and the loch-steainers, which in ordinary years are crowded with Southerners anxious to see the beauties of the Highlands, are now almost empty, for even excursionists do not care to get soaked for no better reward than a view obliterated by rain and mist. And the misfortune of it is that the rain has driven crowds of people abroad to spend their money out of England.

Eel-Pie Island.

The view from Richmond Hill is of such world-wide interest that the announcement of the sale of Eel-Pie Island, which lies just off Twickenham, has aroused an almost universal dread that another eyesore might possibly be introduced into the landscape by the erection of some huge building or other on the island. There seems little fear, however, that the view will be interfered with, as only that portion of the island nearest to Teddington, which cannot be seen from Richmond, is to be sold. The eastern part belongs to the Duke of Orleans, whose residence, York House, is just opposite, near the church, and although he has not lived there for some time, he shows no desire to sell his property. That is no reason why lovers of the Richmond reach should not keep a sharp eye on the island, as the Duke, if he decides to reside out of England, may put his York House property in the market at any time.

Sandhurst's New Governor.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. Kitson, the new Commandant of Sandhurst, is comparatively a young man, for he is not yet forty-six years of age. He entered the Army in 1875, and did nearly all his regimental work in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. In 1884 he became A.D.C. to the Brigadier-General at Aldershot, and in the following year to the Major-General Commanding the Western District. In 1887 he passed the Staff College, and in 1890 was appointed District Staff Officer in Bengal, going with the expedition to Manipur in 1891 as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General. From 1893 he was for a year and a-half Assistant Adjutant-General in Bengal, and then, in 1896, he was appointed Commandant of the Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada. The evidence which he gave before the Commission on Military Education was of a very striking character, and this, combined with his experience at Kingston, marked him out for his new post. Under his guidance, Sandhurst will, no doubt, become what it ought to be—a school at which a really thoroughly useful military education can be obtained.

The photograph of the Countess of Tankerville published in the Coronation Number of *The Sketch* should have been attributed to Messrs. Thomson, of 70A, Grosvenor Street.

The seven years' contract which is about to expire with Messrs. Harper Brothers for Mr. Thomas Hardy's works will be taken over by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. from Oct. 1.



THE RUINS OF SWANSCOMBE CHURCH: SEARCHING FOR THE CHURCH KEY.

Photograph by Haines, Milman Road, W.



SWANSCOMBE CHURCH (ONE OF THE OLDEST CHURCHES IN KENT), DESTROYED BY LIGHTNING ON AUGUST 14.

Photograph by Haines, Milman Road, W.

Miss Lottie Venne. Miss Lottie Venne, always delightful, is particularly smart as a Society dame in "Three Little Maids," at the Apollo. This bright musical comedy is still drawing packed and enthusiastic houses nightly.

Visit of the King of Italy to the Kaiser. His Majesty the King of Italy is expected in Berlin on the 27th inst. (writes my Berlin Correspondent). He will proceed direct from the station to the New Palace at Potsdam; and, on the day following, will accompany the Kaiser to the Arsenal in Berlin, to be present at the



MISS LOTTIE VENNE IN "THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

consecration of the colours. On his entrance into Berlin, troops will line both sides of the street, and at the Brandenburg Gate, at the head of the Unter den Linden, the Burgomaster of Berlin will read an address from the town. The Brandenburg Gate is already in the hands of the workmen, who are beginning to decorate it for the occasion. It is a pity the fine entrance should be disfigured in this way; in the opinion of most, it looks far finer in its own natural simple beauty, without a lot of gaudy green decorations interspersed with variegated flags and streamers. A conference was held yesterday at the Central Police Station at Berlin, presided over by Herr von Windheim. Every possible precaution for His Majesty's safety, however disagreeable the effects thereof to the Berliners, will be taken by the authorities.

Italian Singers in Berlin. Berlin will soon be honoured by a quartet of Italian singers. The choir of the Sistine Chapel in Rome are sending to Berlin a quartet, who are first travelling through various other portions of Germany; they were at Dresden on the 16th, and will be in Berlin somewhat later.

The "Deutsche Kaiser." The German Emperor continues his daily round of duty and pleasure. One day he is reviewing troops at Mayence, causing his men to profit by the lessons taught us in the recent war, especially instructing them to form up in real Boer fashion and imitate Boer tactics; the next day he is hard at work visiting the great Exhibition at Düsseldorf. This Exhibition, by the way, has been attracting a great amount of attention here in Germany; it is being, and has been from the first, well patronised by all, and contains much that is interesting and new. The Crown Prince is the patron, and, after the Kaiser's visit, received a telegram from his august father complimenting him on the satisfactory manner in which everything had been conducted. Now his Majesty is arming himself for his triumphant entry into Posen. Drafts of extra police are being despatched there as I write, soldiers will be present in their serried ranks—all will partake of the noisy glamour of swords and helmets and uniforms. The Poles are becoming every day more and more dissatisfied: daily the German nation are perceiving what a very thorn Poland and the Poles have become in their side. But little does the Kaiser mind.

His will is of iron. He will obtain that which he wishes; it will take a little time, doubtless, and more than a little patience, but have it he will. His Majesty's recent telegram on the question of art in Bavaria, and the attitude of the Bavarian Diet, has been most rabidly attacked by many in Germany. People seem unable to recognise the fact that the Kaiser acted purely and simply in his capacity as a private individual who is excessively fond of art and most desirous of promoting the interests of art in every way and on every occasion. They must needs infer from his action that the telegram to the Prince Regent was of the highest political import, whereas in reality it was but the outcome of the promptings of his ever-impulsive heart and kindly wish to help the cause of art and all appertaining thereto.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Rumour has it that the theatre-going public of Berlin are to have the great pleasure of seeing Madame Sarah Bernhardt here. Everyone is already considering the possibilities of obtaining tickets when the time comes. As a matter of fact, nothing is definitely decided, beyond the fact that Madame Bernhardt will undoubtedly visit Dresden.

Blackcock-Shooting. Blackcock-shooting commenced on Wednesday last (Aug. 20), without any of the excitement that accompanies the Twelfth of August and the First of September. Nowadays, the First of October attracts little attention, for, though the law permits pheasants to be killed on that day, it cannot make them ready for the gun, and most of the people who shoot pheasants leave their coverts alone until November, being content during October with the few birds found in the stubbles. The blackcock and his wife, the grey hen, afford plenty of sport, and are good eating if they pass through the hands of a clever cook. They have a very short season of danger, as they may not be shot after the tenth of December; and this is as well, for they present a large mark to the gun, and, if surprised, cannot often get away. In fine weather, I have sometimes seen a fine blackcock sunning himself in the middle of a field, perfectly unapproachable; but the habitat of the bird is the wood on the low land, and, when the beaters are in and the edges are lined, he comes readily enough to the bag. Ptarmigan, red-grouse, and blackcock are cousins; the first is found only on the highest hills, the second keeps on the moors in all except the coldest weather, and the last keeps to the woods, coming out at sunrise and sunset to punish the corn-crops in the nearest fields.

Australia is becoming almost as happy a hunting-ground as America for English theatrical artists. The Australian taste, moreover, would appear to be varied, for Miss Marie Lloyd had a great time there, and Sir Henry Irving is said to be booking an Australian tour.



AN AUSTRALIAN PORTRAIT OF MISS MARIE LLOYD.

Taken by Talma and Co., Melbourne.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*The Automobile
Juggernaut.*

The terrible death of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Fair, the American millionaires and relatives of the Goulds, is still the principal subject of conversation (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The question is, How did it occur?—and confusion is worse confounded as experts give their opinion. It is certain that the mad speed of a hundred and twenty, a hundred and ten, and a hundred kilomètres an hour, in which the journey from Trouville was being covered, had numbed Fair's brain; and as he had for years suffered from catarrh of an aggravated order, doctors opine that the speed had something to do with it. Certain it is that he was warned by the *mécanicien* and Madame Fair in ample time to reduce speed; but he went on, on, on! Fair was one of an about-town clique of young American millionaires in Paris some years ago; but fortunately, in spite of many protests, he married the girl of his choice, and quieted down under her influence. The rate of fatal accidents in France is absolutely bewildering. Old shepherds going home are smashed to a pulp, rheumatic old ladies trying to cross the village street are killed, while the poor little children no longer know the joys of playing in the streets and are locked in by their parents. The high-roads are strewn with geese and occasional sheep.

The village *auberge* is one of the greatest sufferers. In the days of the cycle they had a splendid trade on the Sundays and Thursday evening. To-day, many of the touring clubs are broken up. No cyclist in his sane mind takes the risk of hearing a trump of an express-paced automobile, knowing that his only chance of escape is to ride straight into the hedge, or, maybe, dangerous ditch. I do not know what the Government will do. They have stopped the great overland road-races, which have given place to a state of things ten thousand times worse, where every motorist is straining his machine to bursting-point. Those who have been down to Deauville and Trouville for the races and have walked back talk for hours on the nervous system and different hypophosphates.

*Our Friend the
Enemy.*

The few French Anglophobes that are left are puzzled and pained to account for the cordial reception of the Boer Generals. One recalls that, when Napoleon I. was on board the *Bellerophon*, he was always respectfully saluted bareheaded. It suggests that England is quite capable of playing a dastardly card and invoking a second Hudson Lowe. We must dissemble.

At the Play.

Antoine means to direct the Odéon. He has proved that, in his little theatre in the Boulevard Sebastopol, he has made double the money that Ginisty has at the Second State Theatre. As I hear, Coquelin is very confident of his

chance. Sarah Bernhardt has let her theatre to a summer management, but the way in which the lyrical drama of "Charlotte Corday" was mounted painfully impressed the audience that there was not sufficient money for a worthy mounting, and, beyond Mdlle. Georgette Leblanc, all deserved silence. Loie Fuller is once more back, with some marvellous light-effects, at Marigny.

Wanda de Boncza.

Some years ago a Paris journal opened a competition to decide who was the most beautiful actress in the city. Wanda de Boncza was easily the selected queen. In her white-lined landau she was a perfect picture, with her darkish

skin and great laughing eyes thrown into relief. On the racecourse—for she never missed a meeting—of importance—her toilettes were simply too magnificent. It was hard to die so young. She was enormously popular with her colleagues at the Comédie Française, and her success at the Odéon and at the Maison Molière was uninterrupted; and, after her appearance in the "Marquis de Priola," she was freely mentioned as the next Sociétaire. She was of Polish origin, and it is curious to note that as the end approached she could speak only in the mother tongue.

For the moment the Paris Municipal Council is satisfied that they will secure the superb Dutuit Art Collection and duly instal it in the Petit Palais. But no one is certain. Dutuit was one of the most extraordinary millionaires that ever existed. In Rouen, where he lived, he dressed like the past master of the tramps. His neighbours hinted that at nightfall he stole out and picked up broken victuals. It is said that he made wills without number, and the question is whether there is not a later one than the Paris Municipal Council has propounded. Rouen, which was originally to have benefited, does not despair that a later will in its favour exists, and anything is possible when 720,000 francs

in obligations is found in an old book, and 92,000 francs in gold in an unsuspected quarter.

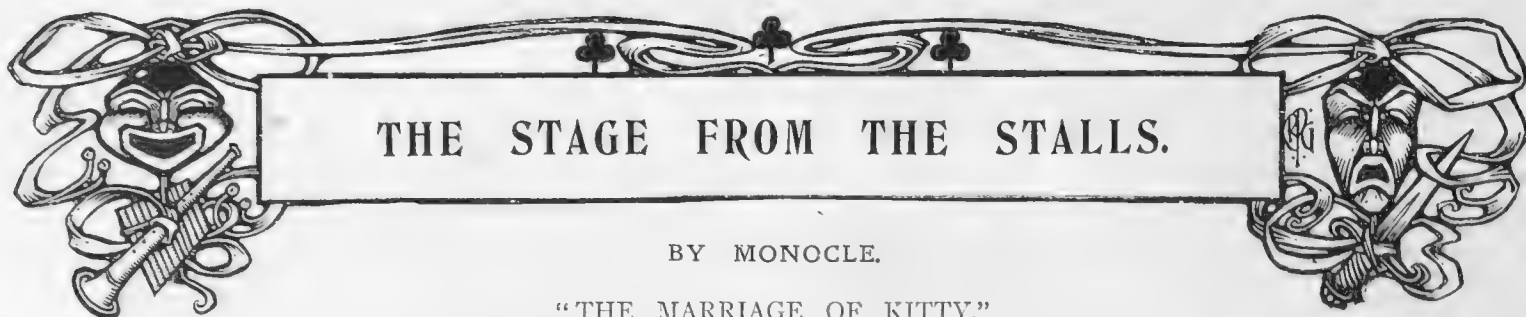
A New M.F.H.

Lord Kensington, the latest addition to Masters of Foxhounds, was one of the Peer heroes of the South African War. He was severely wounded, and his state occasioned much anxiety to the late Sovereign, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that one of his two pretty twin-sisters was her late Majesty's Maid-of-Honour. The Vivian family have always been exceedingly popular in South Wales, where Lord Kensington owns a great deal of property. From early boyhood he has been a keen sportsman, and he will share the duties of Master of the Pembroke-shire Foxhounds with another deservedly popular local magnate, Mr. Lort Phillips, of Lawrenny Castle, Pembroke.



"BORN TO MAKE BLACK FAIR."

Photograph by George Garet-Charles, Acacia Road, N.W.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

IT is doubtful whether "The Marriage of Kitty" is entitled to the whole article I am devoting to it, but at least it will serve very well as a peg on which to hang some observations about play-writing and adaptation. For the new piece is an adaptation of one of the many plays to which Réjane has given life, and in its original form, I am told, is one of the naughty works that flood the stage in Paris. I should hasten to add that the English version is by no means shocking; indeed, there are passages—but I make no complaint—where the play is, in a sense, injured by its propriety. "La Passerelle," the French play, was founded on a device employed for cheating the French law, which, in the case of a divorce for infidelity, forbids a marriage between the guilty parties. Incidentally, I may say that it is not very difficult to drive a coach and four through such a statutory prohibition. For the English Courts decided, in 1886, that, in a case where the laws of Cape Colony forbade the guilty wife to marry anyone at all so long as her injured husband remained unmarried, and she came to England, intending to live here permanently, and married her lover, though her first husband was still single, the Cape Colony laws no longer affected her, and the new marriage was legal—at least, in England, and probably in Cape Colony, too.

Whether the French law which prevents the marriage of the guilty parties is wise or not seems a hard question. If the object be to prevent sin, the cynic might suggest that a law compelling them to marry one another would be far more effective. As it stands, the law, perhaps, renders the women more careful and the men more reckless, for many a man has kept out of an intrigue from the fear of being unable to avoid marrying the lady afterwards in case of disaster. Not all are so strong as the co-respondent who refused to marry the divorcee on the ground that he would not run the risk of having children whose mother had treated her first husband so abominably. The French authors, Madame Fréd de Gresac and M. F. de Croisset, as a device, cause their hero to marry a young woman with the intention of getting divorced from her and using the intermediate marriage as a means of reaching the union he desires; hence the French title, not mentioned on the English programme, of "La Passerelle," or "the foot-bridge."

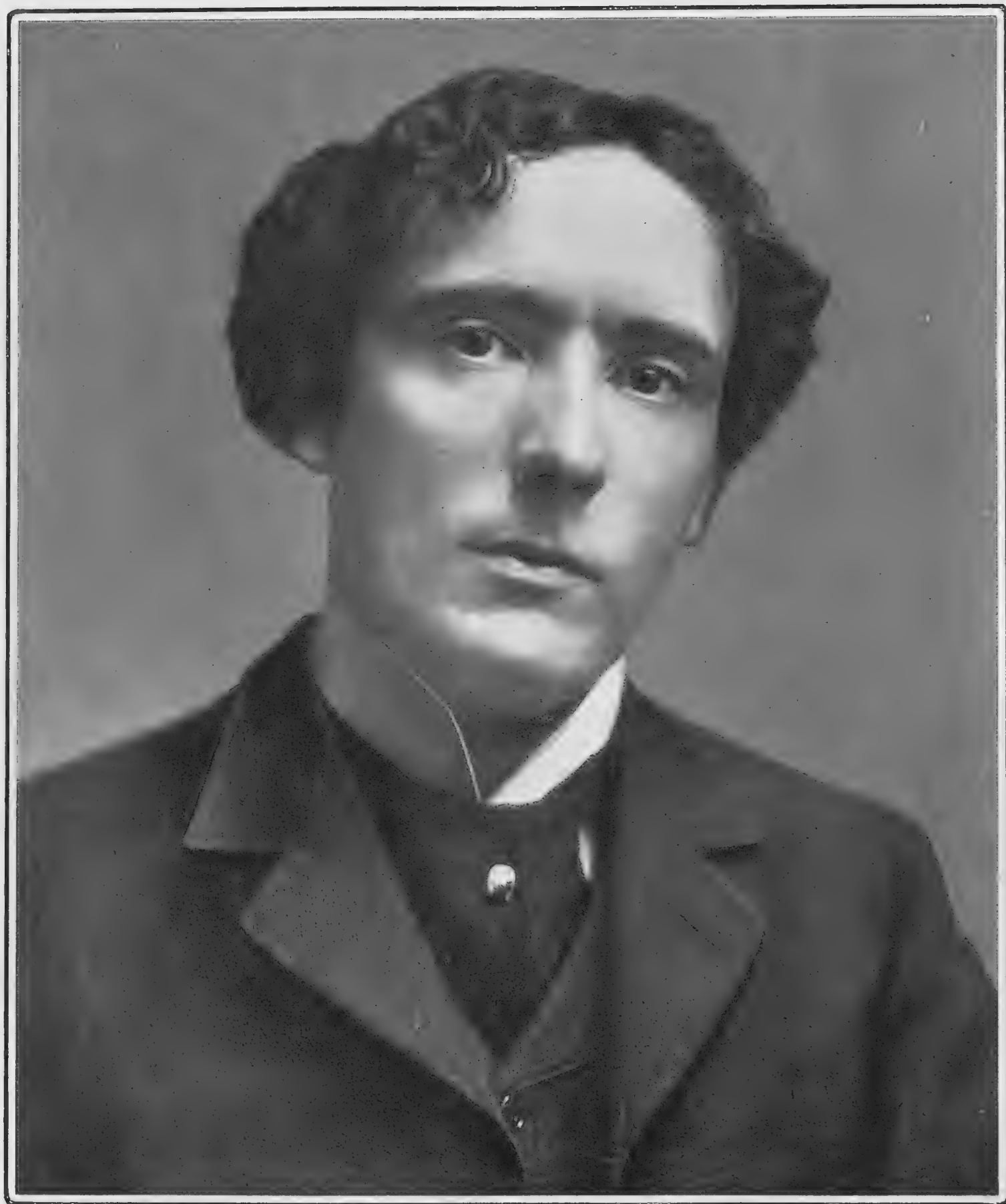
Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, the adaptor, who acts under the name of Cosmo Stuart, does not touch that part of the French play which deals with the prohibition of the marriage of wicked lovers, and consequently has to invent a new reason for his "passerelle" marriage. He finds it in what may be called, almost strictly, a preposterous will, for the will springs from the plot, not the plot from the will—the man, as it were, is fitted to the trousers, not the trousers to the man. Sir Reginald Belsize had a rich uncle and a weakness for a pretty widow, Madame de Semiano, whom the uncle disliked; result, a will under which he takes sixteen thousand a-year if married by a given date, but forfeits it if he weds a widow. What is to be done? He and the widow come to consult Mr. Travers, a solicitor. Now, on the same day the solicitor is consulted by his god-daughter from Blackburn, a lively orphan who knows a thing or two—one might, perhaps, go as far as to say a thing or a dozen. She has a fortune of about eighty-eight pounds and wants a profession; the only profession that seems satisfactory is marriage. The solicitor, about as scrupulous as a starving dog, has a happy thought. Let Sir Reginald marry Kitty—the god-daughter—and, after a year, get a divorce and marry the widow. Madame de Semiano shrieks with horror at the idea, till the solicitor explains that the marriage is to be merely a business arrangement—a legal tie in consideration of a settlement, followed by a separation at the door of the Registry Office. Even then she will not consent until she is told that Kitty is plain and unattractive. Kitty is consulted and consents, and consequently, in order to satisfy Madame, has to render herself plain and unattractive. It is, of course, very difficult for Miss Marie Tempest—the Kitty—to comply with this condition, but before the eyes of the audience—who, however, could hardly see for laughter—she converts herself into a demure-looking frump. Madame de Semiano is contented, though Reggie is rather vexed, and the bargain is arranged. So much for the first Act, which is thoroughly amusing, and yet had something disquieting in it. For we could hardly ignore the fact, ignored by the author, that Kitty would have asked how the divorce could be arranged, and would have backed out when she heard that a good deal of perjury and a chance of jail were necessarily involved.

The second Act shows Kitty in a beautifully furnished villa on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. The marriage had been solemnised at the registry, and she had fallen in love with Sir Reginald, and was grieving because he had taken little notice of the country frump who had accepted his name, and left him at the office door. A year has

passed, and she is living in luxury and boredom, seeing no one but her maid and footman. Unexpectedly Travers appears, and promptly is followed by Sir Reginald, who is eager to have the divorce arranged. For he has been travelling, on perfectly moral terms, with Madame de Semiano and her duenna aunt, and, for fear of a scandal, avoiding all places and hotels haunted by English people. He is sick of this, particularly seeing that the lady is a villainous traveller and suffers frequently from bad attacks of hysterics. He is anxious to marry her and return to Society, where they will not see so much of one another. Imagine the surprise of Sir Reginald when he meets his wife and finds her a *chic*, pretty woman, dressed brilliantly in a *confection* to which she does honour. He stays to dinner. Another surprise: she is a perfect hostess with a nice knowledge of the taste of men in food and wine. Of course, he begins to fall in love with Kitty, and his conquest is completed when she sings to him as only Miss Marie Tempest can sing. Madame de Semiano arrives wearing a frock about the colour of a pillar-box, but rather harder and louder; the effect of it in combination with the tone of the curtains might set on edge the teeth of a Dalton or even the signalmen chosen by railway companies apparently because they suffer from achromatopsy. She, too, is anxious for the divorce and staggered by the transformation of Kitty.

Now it seems churlish to complain that Kitty had trunks full of lovely frocks, though she lived without society, for one likes to see charming *confections* well worn; but surely Sir Reginald and Madame de Semiano were amazingly charitable in not asking for whose benefit she had these ravishing toilettes, and not suspecting that materials for the divorce existed, and the only question was *cherchez l'homme*. However, even the frocks and the manly dinner and wines and cigars aroused no suspicions; so the question of the divorce and possible grounds were discussed. Kitty objected to cruelty, Madame de Semiano to infidelity to Kitty—and herself. Then the Solicitor, as ignorant of law as a rabbit, suggested that, since Kitty's father was Scotch, the Scots marriage laws would apply, and that desertion, or, rather, refusal to live with Sir Reginald, would suffice. So it was arranged that Madame de Semiano and Travers should wait in the ante-room to the salon, that Sir Reginald should implore Kitty to live with him as his wife, that she should refuse, and the servants be summoned and hear the refusal—a scheme that can be criticised in the untranslatable phrase, "*Chercher midi à quatorze heures*." Kitty went out to dress for the occasion—at least, "dress" is not quite the word—and then appeared in a deadly *négligé*, and was so delightful that Sir Reginald forgot all about the scheme and Madame de Semiano and thought of nothing but the charms of Kitty and the fact that she was his wife; so he made love to her at the highest pressure, and when she, according to the scheme, ought to have repulsed him, she fell palpitating into his arms. At this moment, Madame de Semiano rattled at the door; Kitty bolted to her room, followed by Sir Reginald, and, when the widow got in, she came to the conclusion that the nominal marriage had become a real union. Here, of course, the play ought to have ended. Unfortunately, another Act was added, which merely led up in a roundabout, tedious way to a situation, practically speaking, identical with that which ended the second Act. Some efforts are made to start new hares in the third Act, but they are not worth catching, and, though there is one neat little scene, in which Kitty pretends that she is going away for ever, but really is working to cause Sir Reginald utterly to throw over Madame de Semiano, it does not make up for the fact that the play came to an end much earlier, and one is assisting not at the *dénouement* of the intrigue but the burial of the plot. The fault of the play is obvious: it is the excessive length at which what is really an old theme is treated. For instances of a husband making love to his own wife, one may say, see drama *passim*, or refer to some of the rather salted passages in the "*Lettres Persannes*" of the famous Montesquieu. Whole scenes ought to be cut to render the play amusing throughout.

Moreover, some of the acting is sadly at fault. Miss Marie Tempest plays brilliantly as Kitty—indeed, she has now won a unique position, and I could not name an English actress who would give us such a Kitty. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is quite admirable as Madame de Semiano, but Mr. Leonard Boyne is as slow as a funeral; he plays as if dealing with a deep psychological study in a comedy, instead of romping gaily through what is farce, despite a few foolish touches of sentiment. Players, and dramatists too, seem to think that farce is not genteel, and try to give dignity to it by handling it as comedy, whence many disasters. M. Brasseur, in "*Les Deux Ecoles*," showed exactly the kind of treatment necessary in such a piece.



MR. H. B. IRVING.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.



BRITTANY

FOR

BRITONS.

Written by

J.G. RALPH MAUDE.

Illustrated by

JAMES GREIG.



I.—DINAN.

CHEAP and nasty are two adjectives popularly supposed to be inseparable, but I would give common report the lie direct, for I have come to know my Brittany, and have found it one of the cheapest and most delightful holiday-grounds in all Europe. Indeed, with all its economy, which is positively extraordinary, there is nothing nasty about it. The Cornishmen and Welshmen who sowed the seeds of the Breton population centuries ago left behind them a lesson of cleanliness, good-nature, and fair-dealing that has never been forgotten, and it is only in one or two fashionable seaside places where English and Americans predominate that extortion has even begun to rear her ugly head, to the terror of the impecunious tourist.

Though I have set my foot in nearly every corner of the lovely land of the Bretons and have fallen in love half-a-hundred times with different towns and villages, I have only once lost my heart completely, never to regain it. For the future, there is only one town for me in all this fair land of France, and that town is Dinan—sleepy, old-world, wall-encircled Dinan, who only rouses herself from sleep for her weekly market, and lets the grass grow on her very place from sheer love of laziness—Dinan, who all the summer through is bathed in perpetual sunshine that sparkles on her moss-grown granite walls, and seems to keep her inhabitants in a state of everlasting siesta—Dinan, who, despite an English colony and a Town Council with a taste for advertisement, remains an unspoiled child of whom her Breton mother may well be proud.

Of attractions according to the popular meaning of the term Dinan has few indeed. Her ramshackle Casino seldom opens her doors, and the National Fête, celebrated by a wheezy band and a shower of confetti, seems a veritable orgie. Only now and then she indulges in a travelling circus that is poorly patronised, and it would puzzle even the head of an ambitious *Star* man to fill her news-sheets. Yes; for attraction, Dinan relies solely on her old-world beauty, her perfect peace, the charm of her good-natured, contented people, and

pretty little English church close to that part of the town in which the English most do dwell. And the English are not only tolerated in Dinan, but actually liked, because they are understood. As a matter of fact, your Breton, for the most part, cares little for politics. He has his living to earn, and that takes him all his time. Here and there, now and again, you may trace the influence of the *Petit Journal*, but the utmost insult I have ever undergone throughout my travels in this land has been a cry of "Plum-pudding," which might almost be translated into a compliment. Fashoda is forgotten, the Boer War is *vieux jeu*, and the day is close at hand when English and Breton will be the finest of "pals." Nothing can prevent this consummation save a want of tact, and there is nothing tactless about the English colony of Dinan.

But to return to Dinan's possibilities for amusement. There are the English attractions, there are the quaint streets, the lovely river, the ever-beautiful battlements, and the almost endless excursions within easy reach. Then, again, he who sighs for the gaiety of the French *plage* can get to Dinard in half-an-hour by rail and find himself in the midst of one of the brightest seaside scenes in Europe. Or, on the other hand, if one have a taste for quaint religious ceremonies, there is a *pardon* to be seen at no great distance from Dinan every Sunday throughout the summer. No Roman Catholic country in the world provides more interesting sights than are provided by these quaint *pardons*, the exclusive possession of Brittany, whose people are the most devout and, to my mind, the most genuinely religious in Europe.

As to cost of living, I would translate Dinan into American and call it Economyville. For a five-pound note per month you can secure a delightful little furnished villa with four or five bedrooms and "everything left." For thirty-five francs a-month you can hire a *bonne à tout faire*, who will more than deserve her title, and will be at once your servant and your friend, your helpmate and your protector from the wiles of the shopkeeper. Food is cheap in proportion with her who cooks it, and, if you can drink cider, you can get the best for three-halfpence a litre. Or, if you prefer the life of an hotel, there are two capital establishments, used to the ways of our nation, who will keep you in great comfort for eight or nine francs a-day, and even for seven if you be not but a bird of passage. Carriages for land and boats for river excursions are equally reasonable, and a tip of a sou or two will go as far as half-a-crown in London town.

It is just now that Dinan is at her best. This is the season when she is in her greatest beauty. What is more, it is at this time that she does her best to entertain, with fêtes and races, military tournaments, and religious processions. To some, these may be tame, but to the majority they will be always interesting, always quaint.

So cunningly has the old world blended itself with the new in this dear old town of Dinan.



THERE ARE THE QUAIN STREETS.

JAMES GREIG. 1902



ON THE WAY TO A PARDON.

J.G.

the glory of the country that surrounds her—the veritable gem of Brittany. For baccarat and *petits chevaux* and smart Paquin dresses you must go elsewhere.

Dinan is, I have said, unspoiled; yet it boasts quite a large English colony, who have set up their English Club, their English library, and, above all, their lawn-tennis court. What is more, there is an exceedingly

THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN:

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS.



MADAME FANNY MOODY AS CARMEN.
Photograph by Dupont, New York.



MADAME FANNY MOODY AS MICHAELA, IN "CARMEN."
Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.



MR. CHARLES MANNERS (MANAGER).
Photograph by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.



MR. JOHN COATES AS LOHENGRIN.
Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XII.—MENTMORE.

AMONG those country mansions which might well be entitled palaces, Mentmore is, in some ways, the most gorgeous, recalling rather a great Continental château than an English manor-house. Situated in the heart of what is popularly known as "the Rothschilds' country," the most splendid of Lord Rosebery's country seats was built by the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, the



A PUMP-HOUSE AT MENTMORE MODEL VILLAGE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

father of the late Lady Rosebery, and an art-collector of extraordinary taste and judgment, a man whose vast wealth enabled him to carry out the most extravagant artistic schemes and projects.

Baron Meyer was the first member of his family who realised the charm of Buckinghamshire, and he was exceptionally fortunate in the site of his country-home, for at Mentmore scarce a window but commands exquisite views of the Vale of Aylesbury and of delightful surrounding country. The interior of the vast Italian-looking mass of buildings was soon made into one of the rarest treasure-houses in the kingdom.

The Baron was devoted to Italy and to Italian art, and some of the finest paintings and other works of art stored for centuries in Roman, Florentine, and Venetian palaces were, as by a magic wand, conveyed to Mentmore, and there found a fitting resting-place in the beautiful lofty rooms, which still retain a curiously foreign look, in spite of the fact that Baron Meyer de Rothschild's creation has been now for twenty-five years the property of Lord Rosebery, who, art-lover as he is, is a thorough Englishman, quite as keenly interested in British works of art as he is in those which come from abroad.

Mentmore was the early home of Lady Rosebery; there, both as Miss Hannah de Rothschild and later as the wife of the brilliant young statesman to whom she was so devoted, she entertained the most interesting and distinguished people of the day. The charming rooms which were, in a special sense, her own, have remained as they were, and contain many beautiful things given to her by her father and by her husband. Every apartment at Mentmore contains something of interest: the splendid hall enshrines the chimney-piece originally brought from Rubens' house at Antwerp; the marble staircase, leading to a noble gallery filled with exquisite examples of Renaissance art, is unrivalled, if that which forms the chief glory of Stafford House be excepted. Lord Rosebery has wisely made it his rule to send to Mentmore any newly acquired treasure likely to show to advantage among splendid rather than amid picturesque surroundings, and it is there that are displayed his famous Limoges enamels and inlaid French cabinets.

The peculiarly stately character of the house is carried out in the gardens; a sight of the brilliant parterres and wide terraces would have gladdened the heart of Le Notre; and the park is studded with some of the finest trees in the leafy county of Bucks. Lord Rosebery takes a close personal interest in all that concerns the beautifying of Mentmore, and

nothing is done of importance without his approval having been obtained.

As many people are aware, the ex-Premier is a keen agriculturist; his farms, not only at Mentmore but also at Dalmeny, are in every sense models of what home-farms should be, and they are conducted on the most scientific and yet practical principles. When at Mentmore, Lord Rosebery leads the usual busy, healthy life of a great English squire. He concerns himself with matters of local interest, and finds time to see something of his poorer neighbours. Of course, the splendid estate is, in a sense, only held in trust by its present owner, for it will ultimately pass to his children, of whom the eldest son, Lord Dalmeny, who comes of age next January, is the King's godson, and among his other names has that of Mayer—that of the man who counted among his greatest achievements the building of Mentmore.

Lord Rosebery has been in the past, and probably will be in the future, one of the most discussed of Peers and politicians. Though from the point of view of statecraft still a young man, he has had a long and brilliant political career since the memorable day, in 1871, when Mr. Gladstone selected him to second the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. It has been Lord Rosebery's fate to achieve two of the greatest distinctions which can fall to the lot of the modern Briton. He has been Prime Minister, and he has twice been the winner of the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Some may think the two triumphs scarcely compatible, but before now great British statesmen have been equally successful in the Council Chamber and on the Turf; and his love for the Sport of Kings has not prevented Lord Rosebery from being specially favoured by a large section of the Nonconformist Conscience.

Lord Rosebery's career has been full of seemingly contradictory incidents. The future Liberal Leader received his bride literally from the hands of Lord Beaconsfield, for, on the occasion of the Rosebery-Rothschild marriage, the author of "Lothair" gave away Miss Hannah de Rothschild. The marriage took place twenty-four years ago, and, a few years later, Lord Houghton wrote to a friend from Mentmore that he had found his young host "devoted to his baby, whom he carries about all day. Lord Rosebery's affection for his children has always been a marked trait of his character. When at Mentmore he is rarely seen out of house, especially during the holiday season of the year, unaccompanied by one or other of his sons and daughters. The youngest of the Ladies Primrose became, some three years ago, the Countess of Crewe. Lady Sybil now keeps her father's house, and acts as hostess to his guests both at Mentmore and at Dalmeny. Of his two sons, Lord Dalmeny intends to adopt the profession of arms; the younger, Mr. Neil Primrose, may follow in his father's footsteps. Few young people have such an inheritance, not only of wealth, but of brains; through their mother they belong to the great Rothschild family, and through their father they are descended from the Stanhopes, who have helped to make English history.



THE VINERY AND KITCHEN GARDEN AT MENTMORE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



MENTMORE, LORD ROSEBERY'S BUCKINGHAMSHIRE SEAT.

BUILT BY THE LATE BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, WHOSE ONLY DAUGHTER, MISS HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD, MARRIED LORD ROSEBERY.



THE MAIN STREET OF MENTMORE, THE MODEL VILLAGE REBUILT BY THE LATE LADY ROSEBERY.

Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

FISHING SEASON ON NORFOLK BROADS.

HUNDREDS of holiday-makers hail the opening of the coarse-fishing season on the Norfolk Broads as the signal for their escape from town to enjoy the pleasure of fishing and sailing in boats, wherries, and launches on these delightful expanses of water. Although on the Norfolk Broads there is no proper close-time, yet all good anglers refrain from casting the bait between March 15 and June 15. It is usual for the disciples of Izaak Walton to camp out, sometimes in an old eel-fisher's boat, which may be ramshackle enough to look at, but affords no bad headquarters to those who do not mind roughing it. Our photographs are typical of scenes which are now general at this time of the year. The amateur fishermen do not usually take a staff of retainers with them, and, accordingly, they have to do their own cooking and be their own scullions; but this to the properly constituted piscatorial mind is only an additional enjoyment. Very pleasant it is, when the day's sport and domestic labours are over, to listen to the quaint cry of the waterfowl, the murmuring rushes, and to be lulled to sleep by the lap of the water against the old keel. Then, too, the sunrises in Broadland are worth getting up early to see. It is in the morning that the best baskets are made and the fishermen do the deadliest execution among the roach and bream. Taken altogether, life on the Broads is one of unalloyed enjoyment, provided that the Clerk of the Weather is not unkind.



FISHING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: PREPARING BREAKFAST.

A KING OF FINANCE.

OF recent years, no man outside of Royal circles has been more in the public eye than Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The very vastness of his operations, to say nothing of their daring, has produced a great impression, and he is everywhere regarded as a man of quite extraordinary financial genius. At the same time, it must be said that his Shipping Combine, or Trust, has not made him generally popular in this country, and many see in the whole system of Trusts, or Combines, of which he may be described as a master, something pernicious. Mr. Morgan, who is a large man, with a big chest and a big head set on broad shoulders, keen grey eyes, a high forehead, and a square chin, is now about sixty-five years of age. Born at Hartford, Connecticut, he graduated at Harvard, afterwards completing his education at a German University. In 1860, he became agent in America of George Peabody and Co., of London. In the early 'seventies, he joined the firm of Drexel Morgan, with which his father was connected; on the death of the latter, the control of this huge financial business came under his son's direct management. Amongst other tremendous undertakings, Mr. Pierpont Morgan organised the United States Steel Corporation, by far the largest industrial institution in the world, which, in spite of strikes, is still said to earn £60,000 per diem. Outside of business, he is a man of princely generosity and a munificent patron of art.

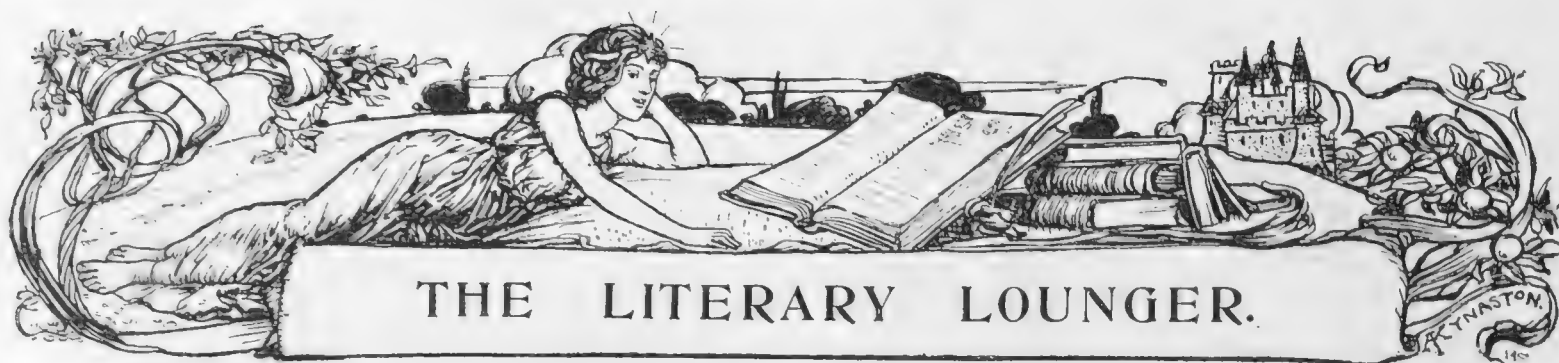


FISHING ON THE NORFOLK BROADS: A FINE BREEM.



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.



THROUGH THE LEAVES.

MANY expensive art-books are now in active preparation for the autumn season. Among them, the most important are Mr. Austin Dobson's monograph on Hogarth and two sumptuous volumes on Turner and Constable. The work dealing with the Wallace Collection will probably be one of the finest art-books of many years.

Mr. Murray's new edition of Byron will be extended to thirteen volumes, the last to contain a full bibliography and index.

Mr. F. T. Bullen's new book, "A Whaleman's Wife," will be published this autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. This is the first actual novel by the author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

The official biography of Li Hung Chang has, I believe, been issued in China in an innumerable number of volumes. Mrs. Archibald Little, however, has written a full biographical sketch, which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Mr. H. G. Wells is to follow up his remarkable book, "Anticipations," by a volume in somewhat similar vein, to be entitled "Men in the Making." It will be published first in the *Fortnightly Review* and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Mr. W. E. Norris's new novel, "Lord Leonard the Luckless," will be published in the spring of next year by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. Levett-Yeats's new novel, "The Lord Protector," will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "The Sea Lady" (Methuen and Co.), is an extravaganza of a most extravagant kind. Now the test of such a story is simply this. Does the reader forget the impossibility of the admittedly impossible? Is he gripped by the story itself, carried away by the dramatic situations so that unreality for the moment becomes matter-of-fact? Does the reader, as he closes the book and rubs his eyes, have to take himself quietly aside and persuade himself that these things cannot be? Is he compelled, in a word, to believe in the incredible? This is not a small thing for a novelist to achieve. Mr. Anstey is, perhaps, the one uniformly successful exponent of this weird, topsy-turvy, vice versa tissue of moonshine and nightmare.

And at times Mr. Wells is almost equally successful. One cannot criticise "The Sea Lady" according to any accepted standard. Its success depends upon the individual reader, upon the individual temperament, and upon individual surroundings. I can well imagine an impressionable young lady, as she reads the book on the sands on some lazy day, being firmly convinced that she catches sight of mermaids in the water. If sensible people can see sea-serpents, why not mermaids? But, unfortunately, I read "The Sea Lady" under very prosaic circumstances, and, although I tried my best to get into the proper frame of mind, to let my mind "go"—so to speak—nothing happened. I could not escape from the conviction that the whole thing was arrant nonsense. So Mr. Wells failed, as far as I was concerned.

There are two possible criticisms of "The Sea Lady." Either you say "Pooh!" and snort in disgust at such stupidity, or you say "Whew!" and shiver a little, and shake yourself and tell yourself you are a fool. Anyway, it is well worth buying a copy to take on your holiday, for it will prove a kind of imagination barometer for yourself and your friends. And if, for the trifling expenditure of four-and-sixpence, you can catch a glimpse of mermaids—real live mermaids with tails—well, you have made a profitable investment. Moreover, the story abounds in exceedingly elliptical conversations, and if you have nothing better to do, you might try a kind of missing word competition with your friends. There are also some jokes and, I think, one or two puns.

It occurs to me, however, that "The Sea Lady" may have very disastrous effects, and that Mr. Wells may be morally responsible for quite a number of hideous accidents. Supposing, for instance, some heroic young man sees a lady in difficulties while bathing, and supposing he remembers the disastrous consequences of rescuing the Sea Lady under similar circumstances—really, the results are too unpleasant to contemplate.

Mr. G. A. Henty this year is once more to be represented by a trilogy of historical stories. His published volumes now include two histories, ten novels, and over eighty historical stories for boys.—O. O.

BOOK-JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

WHEN an author is saturated through and through with his subject, it is only reasonable to expect a work of more than ordinary interest from his pen. Such are the conditions under which we turn to

"CHARLES DICKENS," by F. G. KITTON (T. C. AND E. C. JACK), and in its perusal we are not disappointed. The work is a critical and literary review of Dickens' personality and writings rather than an exhaustive Life. It has evidently been the author's endeavour to obtain and register every fact and date of interest in the career of this great novelist and to arrange them in chronological sequence. These have all been procured from trustworthy sources, and though, naturally, Foster's Life of Dickens has been placed under requisition, yet from Mr. Kitton's long and constant study of Dickens and his characters many new and important facts and dates are for the first time given publicly. The book contains twenty-five illustrations, consisting of some fresh portraits and sketches; it has a capital index, and, both from the revived public interest in the subject and the literary value of the book, it should find a place in the library of every Dickens collector.

The issue of a new novel by either Marie Corelli or Hall Caine is a great "boom" to the booksellers, especially at a dull season of the year, such as the present.

"TEMPORAL POWER," by MARIE CORELLI (METHUEN AND CO.), will therefore be welcomed, especially if the sale should reach the publisher's expectations, as we understand the first edition consists of a hundred and twenty thousand copies. The story, although it has some redeeming qualities, will not add to the author's reputation; it is too full of the gall of bitterness for the intelligent reader of fiction, as the author, on nearly every page and on every occasion, makes her characters pass an adverse criticism on things either temporal or spiritual. To use an apt expression, "Appetite runs while reason lags behind."

The novel does not, as the title leads one to infer, deal mainly with Rome or the Pope, but is a fanciful story of a King whose freedom is so limited and circumscribed that he revolts against the forms and ceremonies with which he is hemmed in. After an arranged marriage according to the orthodox fashion he finds love impossible, and, apparently to vary the monotony of Court life, he and his principal adviser and physician disguise themselves and join a revolutionary society established to overthrow, among other things, the King's throne. This leads to many adventures and much complication, and eventually the King falls in love with the one woman of the revolutionary society, with whom he is eventually drowned. Although the theme of the story is supposed to be that love conquers all, yet tragedy and intrigue take their part in the working out and settlement of this phase of temporal power.

It is always a pleasure to welcome such a work of fiction as

"THE VULTURES," by H. S. MERRIMAN (SMITH, ELDER AND CO.), which in construction and power it would be hard to surpass. It is a romance of love and adventure, and is centred among those much-persecuted people, the Poles. The interest is associated with an attempt to re-establish as an independent kingdom the former territory of Poland. The "Vultures" are those employed by the opposing Governments to frustrate this design. Like all Mr. Merriman's works, the book is an exceedingly able one, and will be welcomed as an oasis in the almost sterile desert of to-day's literature.

Another story worth reading is

"THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA," by BRAM STOKER (W. HEINEMANN). We all know the close association which exists between Sir Henry Irving and the writer of this book; but, apart from this, Mr. Stoker's reputation as an author is so well established that his work need only be noticed from a literary standpoint. The scene of the novel is an old ruined castle on the rugged coast of Scotland, and, as everyone should read this story, it is only needful to outline that it comprises many gruesome details of kidnapping, ghostly apparitions, murdering, second-sight, secret passages, buried treasure, and a plot to capture an American millionairess; it has also a most ingenious bi-literal cypher on the supposed Baconian theory. This is most certainly a book to read, and, when read, will not soon be forgot.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS IN ENGLAND.

66

FASHIONABLE FOLKESTONE.



THE MILITARY ELEMENT



TWO BITS OF OLD FOLKESTONE



IN THE FISH MARKET.



FACES



21



SEEN ON THE LEAS.



MIXED BATHING.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS IN ENGLAND: OXFORD TO WINDSOR.



THE 'VARSITY' FARGES BELOW FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.



IFFLEY MILL.



NUNEHAM BRIDGE.



ABINGDON BRIDGE AND NAG'S HEAD HOTEL.



WITTENHAM CLUMP, FROM DAY'S LOCK.



WALLINGFORD BRIDGE.



GORING, ONE OF THE PRETTIEST LOCKS ON THE RIVER.



CUTTING BELOW WHITCHURCH LOCK.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS IN ENGLAND: OXFORD TO WINDSOR.



CAVERSHAM.



SONNING PARADE.



THE CHURCH AND BRIDGE, HENLEY-ON-THAMES.



MEDMENHAM, WITH ITS ABBEY RUINS.



COOKHAM CHURCH,



CLIVEDEN.



BOULTER'S LOCK.



WINDSOR CASTLE

HOLIDAY HAUNTS IN ENGLAND.



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THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

AN AMATEUR NURSE.

By JOHN WORNE.

Illustrated by Oscar Wilson.



HE object of the picnic which Jack had promised to join was to see some famous ruins; but it was not the ruins which Jack had come to see. Nor had he been enticed by the promise of magnificent scenery, nor yet by the certainty of a magnificent lunch. All these things were interesting, of course, in themselves and

at their proper time; but Jack was thinking of something entirely different. He had every reason to fear, however, that that something was not thinking equally of him. He was quite aware that the number of the women in the world was largely in excess of that of the men, and that, speaking generally, one proposal in a lifetime was the most that a woman in the abstract could look forward to. Therefore he knew, *a priori*, that if he proposed to the particular something in question, she ought to accept his offer with joy.

That is the conclusion to which a study of statistics would lead any rational being. But statistics are so deceitful when you attempt to make them a universal guide to conduct, and therefore he was depressed.

For he was aware that he was not to be the only man at the picnic. In every romance there is always at the end one happy fellow and a number of others who are of no account and only objects of ridicule or compassion. He knew that he had never done anything to give him any hope of ever being anything but one of the other fellows. Whenever he fell in love—which was not often, but it was very serious when he *did*—he lost all his power of being bright or amusing, as he could be when he liked in everyday life among the members of his own family. In this particular case he was very badly hit—in fact, Muriel was the only girl he had ever really loved. All previous experiences had been mere child's-play. The consequence was that in her presence he was tongue-tied; he was unable to treat her with even ordinary politeness; he behaved, and felt all the time that he was behaving, like a fool, and longed to get away into a quiet corner and punch his own head. He invariably swore to do better next time, and when next time came made a bigger ass of himself than he had done the time before. He invented innumerable opportunities of seeing her; went everywhere where she was likely to go; and, when he did meet her, carefully avoided her, and gloomily sat at a distance while she talked merrily to other men. He told himself that this would never be any good; he must do something; but he had a morbid horror of making himself ridiculous, and feared that, in the frivolous surroundings in which he usually found her, the intensity of his passion would be sadly out of place. He longed for a moonlight night with her alone, and when he did find her alone, he was so frightened that he fled at once; he wished a mad dog would rush at her when he was near to receive the bite, but had grave doubts as to his own power of doing quite the right thing if such an event really happened. He could think of no way of getting her to realise what a good fellow he was considered by those who really knew him well, and at last had almost determined that he would keep away from her altogether.

Still, he had promised to go to this picnic; but it would be for the last time. Everything happened as it had happened so often before.

He was seized early in the day by an elderly person whom he loathed. She talked incessantly till she discovered that he was gazing at Muriel instead of listening and then lost interest in him. He did not mind that. He made himself very useful in conveying hampers and keeping the chaperons amused. He wondered at the smallness of the things which seemed to amuse them. He tried to light a fire for the kettle and burnt his fingers and got a black spot on his nose. Muriel laughed; he thought that was not kind of her and that she would not laugh if she only knew how he felt. The fire would not light, and everybody began to be impatient and came round with useless suggestions. At last, after he had been struggling with it for

a quarter-of-an-hour, a man named Kingston, who had been talking with Muriel and had recently got his rowing "Blue" (why on earth girls admired that sort of thing Jack couldn't understand), knelt down and made the damp wood burn in about three seconds. Everybody was grateful, and Jack felt that, in some subtle way, he was in disgrace.

This was the more galling as the lighting of the fire was entirely his own idea; nobody had suggested it to him, and he had been rather proud of drawing attention to himself by acting on his own initiative. It was only when the flames were burning brightly that it occurred to anybody to ask why it had been lit at all. The lunch had all been cooked already, and the drinks were meant to be taken cold. Anybody not over-anxious to distinguish himself could have seen that at once. Everybody but Jack appeared to think it a huge joke, and Kingston roared with delight. Jack was almost prepared to sit on the fire and end his miserable existence; being very sensitive, he felt all this ridicule keenly, particularly as Muriel joined in it. Kingston was very clever and sarcastic, for a "Blue," at his expense, and he could think of nothing in reply. He knew he was a fool to take it so seriously, but it was cruel, seeing that he had meant so well. He tried to pass it off lightly at last with the humorous suggestion that he thought the ladies might like some hot whisky-and-water. This produced an uncomfortable silence, as one of the elderly ladies present was known to be more fond of hot whisky-and-water than she ought to be. But how could Jack have been aware of that? He only felt that he had put his foot in something and couldn't get it out. It was Kingston who came to the rescue, of course, and the crisis passed; but the recollection of it weighed heavily on Jack for the rest of the afternoon.

During the whole of lunch he did not dare to approach Muriel. It was Kingston who handed her everything she wanted. It was Kingston who lay on the ground at her feet and kept the whole party merry with his cheap jokes; the fellow was in infernally high spirits, and Muriel was enjoying herself hugely. Once Jack passed her something and she refused it. Kingston persuaded her and she took it. She said she did it for his sake, and Jack writhed. Oh, why had he come to this horrible entertainment at all!

He tried to do his duty to the people by whom he was sitting, but it was a dismal failure and he gave it up. He was determined to let Muriel see there was something wrong, but she wasn't paying any attention to him; so he concluded finally that she was a heartless flirt entirely unworthy of him, and he would never come near her again.

That was the conclusion to which he came every time. It was rather hard on her, considering how little chance he gave her of treating him with more respect.

After lunch, it was the intention of the party to visit the famous ruin. Cigarettes had been lighted for some time, when Kingston suggested that it was time for exercise. He said he knew all about ruins and would explain everything to Muriel. Jack had looked up the history of the place, in order to have intelligent conversation at the tip of his tongue, but could remember nothing. He was sure Kingston knew nothing about it, but didn't dare to suggest himself as a better guide. He mentioned timidly the date of a famous siege. But Kingston said dates were no fun, and Muriel agreed that she never thought much of dates. Kingston said it was beauty *he* had come to study, not antiquity; and again Muriel agreed with him. Jack tried boldly to utter a pretty compliment as a counter-stroke; but it developed into something about being reminded of old ruins when he saw her, which wasn't in the least the way he meant to put it. They had gone off together before his explanation was complete. The rest of the party followed in twos and threes. He said he would look after the clearing away of the lunch and join them in a few minutes, so they left him alone.

With a heavy heart, he put a couple of dirty plates in a basket and then sat down to think. The attempt only convinced him that it was no good thinking; it was also no good doing anything; nor was it

any good staying where he was. Kingston had captured Muriel for the whole afternoon, and she was shallow enough not to mind that. No; he would go away at once for ever, withdraw his heart from her, put it into his work, and become a great man. Then, when she was tied to that brainless ass for life and saw *his* name in the papers, she would be sorry; and he, as the guest of the evening, would meet her and laughingly remind her how once he had loved her, and the word spoken in jest would sink in and rankle.

He got up and walked away slowly in the opposite direction from the ruins. He hesitated, and was half-inclined to follow the others; at any rate, he could keep her in sight, if he could do nothing else. They had driven to the spot, and he could only get back by taking a very long walk to the nearest railway station; even then he couldn't be sure of getting a train in such a remote part of the country. Still, anything was better than suffering more indignities at the hands of that fellow! But it was a very hot afternoon, and the road was dry

day, and from her appearance she might have been walking for ever. He put his hand into his pocket to give her some money, when she staggered and fell in a confused heap in the middle of the road. He reached out quickly and caught the dirty little baby, and his first feeling was one of astonishment at the weight she had been carrying. His second was one of alarm. This was deuced awkward. The woman had fainted and the baby woke.

Now of fainting women and babies he knew nothing whatever, except that something had to be done, and that, in all probability, quickly. But of what ought to be done he had not the remotest idea.

He first placed the child on the grass by the side of the road, and then, with a great effort, lifted the woman and laid her in the same place.

He felt very hot and uncomfortable and wished Kingston had been chosen for this business. But as that was not to be, it was just as well that neither he nor Muriel was there to see *him* doing it.



"Thank heaven!" said Jack, as there followed a blissful silence. "Have some more, if you won't get drunk."

"AN AMATEUR NURSE."

and dusty, and his flight was not very rapid and decided; he would walk on for a little and then make up his mind what to do. In this distracted state he wandered for ten or fifteen minutes, widening the distance between himself and Muriel and surrendering her without a struggle. The sun grew hotter, and the thought of tea in the shade was sweet. But he would have to try to light another fire, and would fail, and Kingston would succeed. They would laugh. Or perhaps Muriel and Kingston would not turn up till it was time to return. That settled it.

He had determined to go on and find the station, no matter how far away it was, when he met a pale and ragged woman with a very dirty baby in her arms. She was just an ordinary beggar-woman, and she asked him for a copper. He was thinking of other things, and passed on without heeding her; but she turned, and, in a whining voice, said she had walked about fifteen miles that day and had had no food since yesterday. He stopped and looked at her. So far as the dirt upon it allowed it to be seen, her face was ghastly white, and she was nearly dropping from exhaustion. It certainly was a very hot

He looked round for water to put on the woman's forehead. He believed that was often done with success. There was no water anywhere near. He knew of no house for miles, and was on the point of going off to look for one when the baby began to howl. This really was deuced awkward. He looked at the little brute doubtfully, and nearly ran away altogether. Then he thought that would not be fair. With a very red face, he approached the creature and picked it up delicately. It *was* such a dirty little baby! Babies he had seen were, at any rate, white, and endurable, so long as they were quiet; this was all kinds of colours and very noisy. It howled worse than ever. Having held it in every attitude except upside down without success, he put it down again, and turned his attention to the woman, who still lay motionless. He wondered if anybody would come up and suggest that he had murdered her. He examined the side of the road carefully, and, at last, in a little wood a few yards away, he found a stream in which he could wet his handkerchief. This he rubbed on the woman's forehead, but it had no immediate effect. He thought of going back to the place of the picnic and getting somebody

who knew about these things, but remembered that they had all gone off to the ruin, a couple of miles in the other direction. Heaven only knew where the baby would roll to in the meanwhile! If he could get the little beast quiet, it would be more possible to leave it for a time; but quietness was not included in the baby's plans. It was now kicking about in all directions and bellowing. In an unfed baby he would never have looked for such vigour. Then he had an idea. He took the creature up again, placed it near to its mother, and ran back to the spot where they had lunched. In ten minutes he returned, with a large piece of cake and some champagne-cup in a bottle. It was all he could find at the moment. He had met nobody. The woman was still lying there when he got back, and, to his joy, the child was silent. He approached cautiously and tried to pour some of the contents of the bottle down her throat; it was not a very successful effort, and it roused the baby to a very justifiable indignation on its mother's behalf. Jack began to be a little frightened, but was reassured by the fact that the woman was still breathing. How he wished that somebody would come along the road and help! It was distinctly bad luck to be left alone in such circumstances.

The baby howled more violently and reached out its grimy hands towards the bottle.

"Was it then? Did it want a dinkie?" said Jack, feebly, for his heart was not in the work. He took the little creature on his knee and tried patting its back. This was not what it wanted, evidently. He wondered if champagne-cup would be good for it at that age.

"Diddums, diddums?" he said, persuasively. "Hang the little beast!"

Still it howled and made dirty marks on his clean waistcoat. He tried thrusting lumps of cake into its mouth, in a manner full of good intention but clumsy. The result was only a spluttering and choking, followed by more howl.

"Hi! Lie down, won't you! Shut up! There, there! Mother will be better soon. See, see, nice cakey—see nice cake—wakey. Oh, Lord! why doesn't somebody come? What the—! Here, try this. Feed yourself."

He put a piece of the cake in its hand, but the offering was rejected. Then he jogged his knee up and down.

"Come, come, ridey cock-horse, and, for Heaven's sake, shut up!" he said, savagely; but the jolting cannot have been of the kind which babies are supposed to like, or else this was a peculiar baby. The only difference it made was that the howl was more distressingly jerky. "There, there! What do you want, you little beggar? If you won't take the cake, I give you up. I must do something. Here, you want a wash more than anything else. Come up!"

He took it, writhing, to the stream of water he had found.

"All right, all right, my boy, I'm not going to drown you! Steady!"

He dipped in his handkerchief again and wiped the muddy little face, whenever he could get near it. He was startled at the number of attitudes a baby could coil itself into when held with only one hand, and began to understand why women who did not work but only looked after the children had a weary look sometimes.

When he succeeded in rubbing away some of the long-accumulated dirtiness, the creature was rather more passable, though even now not such a self-respecting man would care to be seen carrying. He began to take an interest in the subject. He took it back again to see if the mother had recovered, but she had not. He looked anxiously up and down the road: still no useful, kindly old woman in sight. Never before had he been so eager to meet an elderly female. The child was still howling, and showed no sign of being ever likely to stop. He sat down with a groan and gazed upon the comparatively clean face. If there hadn't been so much mouth visible, he thought it might be pretty, as babies go. He supposed he ought to try more gentle persuasion, and began rocking it softly to and fro, feeling an indescribable fool. He had never canvassed a constituency, and was not at home with babies. He wondered if it wanted to be kissed, but felt that he must draw the line somewhere. It was still wailing, but not with such desperate earnestness, and wriggling towards the bottle which lay near.

"Oh, you want *that*, do you?" he said. "Very well; I leave the responsibility with you."

The baby was willing to accept these terms, and he carefully uncorked the bottle, held the mouth of it to the grubby lips, and poured a little in. There was a splutter and a gasp; the child looked a little surprised—the taste was not that of ordinary milk—but, after a little hesitation (as became a lifelong teetotaller), it smiled and chuckled.

"Thank Heaven!" said Jack, as there followed a blissful silence. "Have some more, if you won't get drunk."

The baby had some more and seemed pleased. It began to clap its hands and gurgle with delight. The dirty fingers found their way to Jack's chin, and he entered into the spirit of the thing.

"Now you've decided to behave, I don't mind letting you see the wheels go round," he said, taking out his watch. This immediately brought a look of intense interest to the child's face, and both heads were bent over studying the machinery when Jack heard a cough behind. He thought the woman had recovered, and said, "Ha, ha! Mummy's better now," and looked round. Mummy was not better. It was Muriel and Kingston. They had come quietly through the wood and had stood there looking on for nearly a minute.

Jack leapt up with a face of flaming crimson, his arm round the baby and the bottle in his hand.

He could find no words to express his feelings.

The baby most tactfully broke the silence. It only knew one word, so it put its hand up to Jack's cheek and said "Dada!"

Kingston roared with laughter, and, but for the presence of a lady, Jack would have flung the bottle at his head. Murder was in his eye, but a moment's reflection convinced him that his case was hopeless. He could only smile feebly and say, "I—I—thought you had gone to see the ruins."

"What," said Kingston, "and miss this?"

Muriel was not laughing. She was not even smiling. She said nothing, but walked quickly up to Jack and took the child from him.

"Poor little dear!" she said. "What is the matter?"

During a pause in Kingston's merriment, Jack stammered out—

"I—I—the woman fainted suddenly, and the little beggar was howling, and I couldn't find anybody. I—I didn't know what to do."

"Never mind," said Kingston; "you did it beautifully. We didn't think it was in you."

Muriel's face was flushed. "Will you hold him a little longer. Mr. Barclay?" she said, handing back the baby.

Jack took it sheepishly, and she knelt down by the fainting woman and began loosening her dress at the neck.

"Oh, I say," said Kingston, "can I help?"

"Run for somebody else to help," said Muriel, abruptly, and he hurried off.

"Is there any water?" said Muriel.

"Yes," said Jack. "I tried that some time ago. Do you think she is dangerously—"

"Please bring some."

"I'll put this here," he replied, laying the baby down, and he went and filled the now empty bottle.

Muriel softly bathed the woman's forehead, and after a little time, much to the relief of both, she opened her eyes and looked round in wonder.

"Thank heaven!" said Jack. "I was afraid it might be worse."

Kingston returned with two other members of the party, and Jack dropped into the background. He had given up for the moment his plan of returning by train.

The woman had now quite recovered and was taken into the shade, where preparations were being made for tea. Muriel, who had not uttered a word since her last order to Jack to bring water, carried the baby. Somebody had already lit the fire, and the kettle was boiling.

Many inquiries were made of Jack as to what had happened, but he was not very talkative on the subject. Nothing had happened, except that a woman had fainted, which was a very ordinary event.

"Oho!" said Kingston. "Was that all? Do tell us some more."

Jack retired with a hot face into a corner. That fool was going to make himself unpleasant again. "If I had been the only witness," said Kingston, laughing, "you wouldn't have believed it; but Miss Wynlan saw it; didn't you?"

He turned to Muriel, who was busy with tea-cups and the baby and made no answer.

"You tell them, Miss Wynlan."

Muriel said, very quietly, "No, thank you."

So Kingston embarked upon the story and told it with infinite humour and many embellishments. The feeding of the baby out of the champagne-bottle was brilliantly described, and Jack writhed with helpless fury while everybody roared at the description of his hot and muddy face as the baby fingered his cheek and called him "Dada."

"You ought to have seen the smile of motherly affection on your countenance, my dear fellow, and you'd have taken to nursing as a profession, you really would; and we didn't expect it in you, you know—we all thought you above that kind of thing."

He roared with delight, but stopped suddenly with astonishment as he caught sight of Muriel. She was looking at him with an angry gleam in her eyes and a very white face.

"It did not appear to me at all funny," she said, quietly.

"I—I—I'm awfully sorry," gasped Kingston, and everybody stopped laughing.

"I can't understand why, when a man does something that is—that is—"

She checked herself, in fear of what she might be led to say, and turned away in confusion.

Jack felt more than gratitude; it was rapture.

"I—I—beg your pardon," stammered Kingston. "I only meant it in fun, you know. I only wish I could manage a baby so well myself. I—I—"

But he had gone disastrously far, and no apologies could save him.

The picnic dragged a little after that, from an outsider's point of view. But to Jack it lacked none of the qualities which make a picnic the most magnificent entertainment on earth.

It was Kingston who kept the chaperons amused, not very successfully, on the way home, for Muriel was talking very quietly all the time with Jack.

From which it is evident that the fondling of a dirty baby is as sure a way to the heart of a woman as it is supposed to be to the vote of a working-man.



AFTER THE DANCE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. A. BREAKSPEARE.



IN THE SMITHY.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



I WAS delighted to receive a wire from Manchester on Tuesday morning of last week assuring me of the complete success of "An English Daisy," the new comic opera by Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter. These clever collaborators did so well with "Blue-bell" at the Vaudeville that London playgoers will look forward to seeing their latest work with considerable interest. Little Miss Zena Dare, I hear, is very sweet in the title-part, and Mr. Tom E. Murray, of course, makes an irresistible leading comedian.

Sir Henry Irving's tenure of Old Drury cannot possibly start until some little time after Mr. Arthur Collins has finished his next big pantomime, for which he is already designing several spectacular effects, which are even on a more extensive scale than he is wont to adopt. But, long prior to that pantomime—about Sept. 18, as I am now officially informed—the said Mr. Collins will produce, at what Sir Augustus Harris so loved to call "The National Theatre," Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new autumn drama.

Mr. Raleigh tells me that, since he started actively writing this new autumn Drury Lane drama last May, he has been surprised, and often startled, to find that several of his "situations" have, one after another, coincided with certain later real events and episodes. To instance only one of these coincidences, I may tell you that Mr. Raleigh had in his play a Boer General who died suddenly of heart-failure; and, lo! since then poor Lucas Meyer died in like fashion. The other coincidences will strike you when you see the play, which in some measure treats of the late dreadful but now happily done with South African War. At the moment of writing, Mr. Raleigh tells me that he has not yet settled upon a title for the piece. Some little while ago, however, he thought of calling it either "The Best of Friends" or something with the word "Circus" in it. You can doubtless guess what sort of "Circus" any play concerning the late Boer War would comprise.

The new Drury Lane hero, who is called to the war, is to be enacted by Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, whose bright and handsome sister, Miss Kate Tyn-dall, is the wife of Mr. Albert Gilmer, manager of the Oxford. The second hero is to be played by Mr. Conway Tearle, a young scion of the celebrated Tearle family of touring tragedians. Mr. Sidney-Howard has, I understand, the best male acting part in this new Old Drury drama. Mr. Herbert Standing, on the other hand, has a short, but apparently very effective, character, and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh and Messrs. Sydney Valentine and C. M. Lowne appear to be also well suited. Of course Mrs. John Wood has many of the best lines of the piece, although she, too, has not so lengthy a character as hitherto. In conclusion, I may say that the scenes representing the war business are likely to be found exceedingly thrilling.

The next definitely announced new West-End production is Mr. Justin H. McCarthy's new romantic drama, "If I Were King," which Mr. George Alexander will, according to present

arrangements, submit at the St. James's next Saturday night. Mr. Alexander will impersonate the character of Villon, which "really rude and ruffianly rhymester" (as the late Henry J. Byron would describe him) has, of course, appeared in stage form more than once ere now. For example, the some-time promising but now seldom heard of young playwright, then labelled as "S. X. Courte," wrote, a few years ago, a strong little drama, called "Villon: Poet and Cut-throat;" and there have also been other plays written around Villon. But why should I attempt to multiply instances? Even Gringoire, the ballad-mongering hero of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's play and other pieces of the kind, is largely based upon poor old villainous Villon's life and status.

The cast of "If I were King," is, I find, of exceeding strength. It includes Mr. Alexander, as Villon; Mr. Charles Fulton, as Louis XI.; Mr. Alfred Brydone, Tristan l'Hermite; Mr. Lyall Swete (an excellent comedian), Thibaut d'Aussigny; and Mr. Henry Ainley as Noël le Jolys. As to scenery, I may tell you that this is really wonderful. Miss Julie Opp plays Katherine de Vaucelles, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon, Hughette du Hamel. There will be a very inspiring Gipsy dance in the third Act.

Speaking of Gringoire the ballad-monger of course suggests Mr. Tree; and speaking of Mr. Tree reminds me that he is booked to open the beautiful new theatre at Tunbridge Wells, when Mr. Fred Mouillot has it ready some time next month. Mr. Tree has told me that, inasmuch as he (in my presence) laid the foundation-stone of this beautiful new house and thinks so highly of it, he will give for the opening matinée one of the best of Shakspeare's plays.

The first of the new batch of plays drawn from Ouida's extremely extravagant romance, "Under Two Flags," will be presented for the first time in London next Monday (Sept. 1) at the Coronet, Notting Hill. The "Under Two Flags" play to follow that will be that lately secured by Mr. Frank Curzon for Miss Annie Hughes to produce anon at an even more westerly theatre.

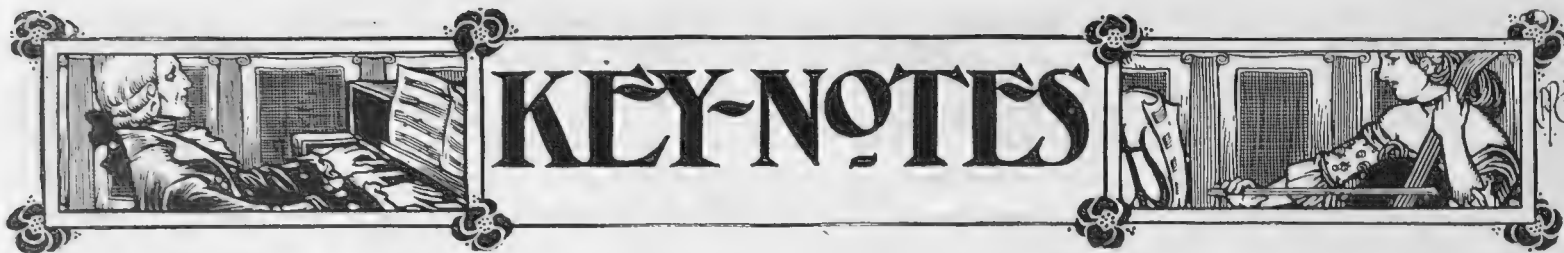
In the meantime, Miss Annie Hughes and Co. will, in consequence of the temporary closing of the Prince of Wales's, presently start a short tour with "A Country Mouse."

After a little re-decoration, the Prince of Wales's will, Mr. George Edwardes tells me, reopen on Monday, Sept. 8, with his and Mr. Charles Frohman's company, with "Three Little Maids," to be shifted from the Apollo. Messrs. G. P. Huntley and Mr. Maurice Parkes will then resume their original parts, and Miss Ada Reeve will return from her honeymoon in order to impersonate the character originally written for her, so successfully undertaken by Miss Madge Crichton.

"Woman and Wine," by Messrs. Landeck and Shirley, with Miss Sidney Grove as Marcel, is the attraction this week at the Kennington Theatre. Special scenery and costumes have been provided to make the production in every sense equal to the original play done at the Princess's Theatre.



MR. TOM E. MURRAY IN "AN ENGLISH DAISY,"
THE NEW COMIC OPERA BY SEYMOUR HICKS AND WALTER SLAUGHTER.
Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."



BY the time these words are in print the season of Grand Opera in English, under the management of Mr. Frank Rendle and Mr. Neil Forsyth, and given by the Moody-Manners company, will have made its beginning at Covent Garden. Already seven performances have been announced for the first week, an arrangement which naturally includes two performances on the Saturday (Aug. 30). As "Carmen" alone is duplicated in that series, the week is necessarily a busy one. Besides "Carmen," "Faust," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Maritana," and "Tannhäuser" rank on the list, so that there will be small enough rest for the feet of the wandering critic.

The casts include some names very familiar and some not so familiar. Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Zélie de Lussan, and others come to us, of course, with the blushing honours of popularity thick upon them. On the other hand, so far as the operatic stage is concerned, London will welcome for the first time Madame Blanche Marchesi. Her appearance will be looked to with considerable interest. We—all the critics, that is—have for long been saying that Madame Marchesi was surpassing good in respect of dramatic expression. We—once more, the critics—have boggled a trifle over her sheer vocal gifts; and yet it is on record that the lady aroused the enthusiasm even of the author of "Flames," what time he set the letters "R. S. H." as a seal upon his flamboyant criticism of music in a weekly social journal; and who so particular we—the critics—cried, as the gifted author of "Flames"?

Any way, on this subject of dramatic expressiveness, everybody seemed to be agreed. The most hostile hearer took her from an actress's standpoint, and the tolerant declared that her dramatic gifts made her vocal achievement well worth listening to. All agreed, then, that the stage was rightly the sort of platform for which she was fitted; and now, as has been said (although the provinces have had the privilege of hearing her under theatrical circumstances) that verdict is to be tested in London. There is not one of us who does not await such a début with interest and even with some pleasurable excitement. In the first week Madame Marchesi plays Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leonora in "Il Trovatore," an opera which seems to rise "like Alcestis from the grave."

Mr. Philip Brozel is, of course, an old favourite, who has already established a reputation in many operatic parts, but chiefly, perhaps, in the character of Canio, in which he has been not unfavourably compared even with De Lucia, whose singing of "Vesti la giubba" created so singular a furore when he first gave it in London. Mr. Brozel's Don José is another matter, and one notes, with perhaps a trifle of surprise, that Mr. John Coates is to take also that sturdy dragoon's part in the Saturday matinée of "Carmen." It would, perhaps, be otiose to linger over programme details, but such names as those of Mr. George A. Fox and Mr. William Dever may, *en passant*, be mentioned. Mr. Manners himself comes before the public in "Faust" (of course as Mephistopheles) and as the King of Spain in "Maritana." In this connection Mr. John Coates appears as Don César de Bazan. Mr. Coates will have to be heroic for the occasion. But has he not won German approval in the part of Lohengrin? Mr. Joseph O'Mara also figures in the week's list.

And so (although it has been whispered that there have been sultry mutterings on the part of musical critics called back from holidays which they had fondly hoped, save for an occasional peep into Promenade Concerts, were to last another fortnight) the new season

begins with, let us hope, every prospect of success. It is an audacious move; but, nothing venture, nothing win; and the venture has been fairly made. It may be added that, so far as the announcements as at present published go, the conductorship of the operas will be in the hands of Herr Richard Eckhold and Mr. Harold Vicars.

Mention has just been made of the Promenade Concerts. A formidable list of orchestral compositions to be performed for the first time in London at the forthcoming season at Queen's Hall has been issued, and it at all events conclusively proves that in no respect is the management likely to fall short of the enterprise and artistic audacity which have always in the past been the distinguishing marks of the concerts given at Langham Place. No fewer than four compositions by Tschai-kowsky come within the boundaries of this list—a matter which does as much credit to the ingenuity of research as to the

zeal of Mr. Henry J. Wood. Among these comes the First Symphony of that master, in G Minor, and described as a "Reverie of Winter." "Common Chord" confesses himself to be unacquainted with the work; but the title reminds one strangely enough of the dismal and hopeless outlook upon life which distinguishes the last Symphony of all, the Sixth, commonly called the "Pathetic." Stranger still it is to find, however, the same composer's Second Symphony in the same tale. Among other compositions an Overture, March, and Entr'acte from "Hamlet" also come freshly to London as examples of Tschai-kowsky's work.

Smetana, Fauré, D'Indy, César Franck, Bruneau, Weingartner, Goetz, and César Cui also take a place in the list of those who, by one work and another, will make a new bow to a London audience; but there are between twenty and thirty names in all recorded for a similar attention, and it would, of course, scarcely be interesting to run off such a roll-call as this in these notes. The list of artists, moreover, is on the whole a distinctly attractive one, the number (sopranos, contraltos, tenors, basses, violinists, cellists, pianists, organists, and solo instrumentalists) running to close upon a hundred names. To sum all up, everything seems, indeed, to promise well. Of course,

the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which, as usual, will be under Mr. Henry J. Wood, must remain the backbone of the whole enterprise, and it will naturally bring its unrivalled experience to ensure—one may use the word with confidence—an extremely successful season.

One hears many bewildering versions of what will happen to "Parsifal" when the copyright for Bayreuth runs out; but it is devoutly to be hoped that the music-drama will in no way be popularised or produced otherwise than with the greatest reverence. The unspeakable attitude which certain critics have taken towards the significance of "Parsifal," its ethic, and its lesson—and this while the work is still comparatively hidden—makes one trust that the latest masterpiece of Wagner will not be dragged ruthlessly into the possibility of openly vulgar suspicion.

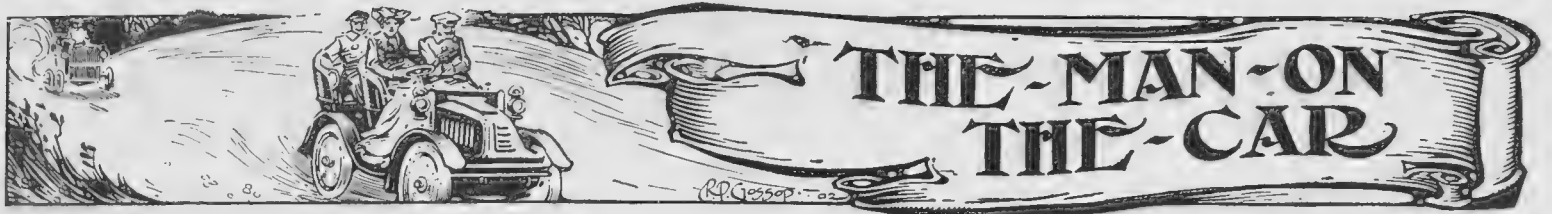
The perfection of spirituality is too often mistaken for its extreme opposite—just as extreme heat and extreme cold produce similar effects—for one to desire that such an event should occur in what is avowedly, after all, a musical miracle-play the one lesson of which is renouncement. One may dislike the idea of renouncement; but to confuse it with unparalleled self-indulgence is to miss the whole centre of a great argument. And—not to speak irreverently—if that is what is done in the green wood, what may not be done in the dry?

COMMON CHORD.



THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN:
MISS MARIE ALEXANDER, CONTRALTO.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



Fatal Inexperience—Double-Acting Brakes—A Crude Sprag—Oil and Tar as Dust Cures—Shelving the Numbering Nuisance.

AUTOMOBILE accidents are vividly reminiscent of Alpine disasters, inasmuch as it is the lack of experience that usually causes the loss of control. The rudiments of the art of driving a car can be picked up in a very few minutes, but the experience and resourcefulness necessary to drive a racing-car at high speeds in safety cannot be gained without going through the mill. Successful racing automobilists have graduated, not jumped, into their deserved prominence. To name our own representative men, such as Mr. Jarrott, Mr. Edge, or the Hon. C. S. Rolls, in each case they have gained experience during thousands of miles of driving on small cars before stepping up to the footboards of racers. It is not until the habit of driving becomes automatic that it is reasonable to attempt high speeds, where a hesitancy of a tenth of a second or the most momentary indecision is fatal. There is no short cut to this experience, no royal road for the millionaire, who can buy the fastest cars, but must cultivate, for he cannot purchase, the needful skill to steer clear of death at sixty miles an hour. The proposition seems self-evident, but its truth has been tragically demonstrated by the terrible disaster on the road from Trouville to Paris, for Mr. Fair, albeit owning one of the fastest cars in the world, was but a recent recruit to the most fascinating of all pastimes.

General Sir Evelyn Wood, commanding the Second Army Corps, is among the officers to whom the War Department has issued cars on the strength of Major-General Douglas's report upon the work done in the 1901 manoeuvres in conveying Commanders from point to point. After a Militia inspection, the General, accompanied by Colonel Grierson and Captain Wood, experienced an adventure which came within a little of being an accident. They were manipulating the car to enter an hotel yard at Abergavenny, and were for the moment running on the reverse gear. The foot-brake, however, did not hold the car when running backwards, and, missing the entrance, the car bumped on to the pavement and stopped against the wall. No one was hurt and no damage was done. In this car, it may be that the brake was temporarily out of adjustment, but it is a regrettable fact that until lately it was customary for the foot-brake only to be operative in a forward direction, and there are many such vehicles now running. The theory appears to have been that a car is never driven backwards fast; but there have been many cases of underpowered or badly driven cars coming to a standstill on steep up-grades, and then the foot-brake was badly wanted, as well as the hand-brake, to prevent a runaway. The modern practice is to construct double-acting brakes, and, when these are powerful and trustworthy, it is quite unnecessary to trail a sprag even when ascending the most difficult and doubtful hills.

It is only on doubtful hills that the sprag, or the reverse-acting brake, needs to be considered. I remember being a passenger on the first car that successfully tackled the ascent of Porlock Hill, in North Devon, a hill that has no rival in this country, for it rises for three miles in all; and starts off with a thousand yards of one in six gradient. No car had then beaten the hill. The villagers, the ostlers, the local sportsmen, all to a man were still backing Nature, as represented by their hillock, while we were out to demonstrate the mastery of

machinery over Nature, as represented by the new Napier. So confident were they that victory was theirs that they waited to walk up alongside till we came to a standstill. So confident were we that the hill was conquerable (after the fitting of suitably reduced chain-sprockets), that we ventured on a vehicle that was innocent of a sprag, and was fitted with brakes inoperative to prevent our rearward descent had we come to a standstill. It was because there was no doubt about success that it was reasonable to risk the ascent without such safeguards. Even then, there was one of the climbers of the hill who affected to be extra prudent. He chose to sit at the back on the slope of the tank, and he had with him a selected boulder, in order, as he said, if we stopped, to scotch the wheel ere we started to roll back. His help was not needed. Had it been, he must needs have been a wondrously agile man to drop off the car, stagger beneath the sixty-pound block of stone, and drop it into accurate position as a scotching wedge. That hill-victory, when all the foot-passengers were lost in astonish-

ment, was one of the first successes of the Napier, before that celebrated British-built car was heard of in Gordon - Bennett cup-races.

The dust nuisance has not lately been very noticeable, not owing to any improvement in protection afforded to passengers nor to any betterment of the roads, but simply because the roads have been unseasonably rain-soaked. The problem of dealing with dust is, however, one of the most important of the many matters raised by modern methods of road-travelling. Protection for automobilists is only half the business. The mere foot-passenger has a right to object to the dust-storms stirred by passing cars, and the only real remedy is to strike at the root of the evil and improve the road-surfaces.

Motors do not make the dust—they stir the dust made by the hoofs and iron tires grinding on a friable road-material. Experiments have been made proving the efficacy of distributing oil instead of water on highways that need consolidating rather than dissolving, and these experiments have been capped by Mr. Hooley, the County Surveyor for Nottingham, who has discovered that furnace-slag saturated with gas-tar makes a water-proof, dust-proof, non-slipping, and, withal, economically maintained road-surface. Slag as a substitute for granite has long been acceptable, and this new notion of saturating it with gas-tar gives promise of inaugurating the automobilists' millennium, when all mud and dust shall be done away with.

Shortly after the publication of the text of the Bill for the Registration of Motor Vehicles a fairly unanimous chorus of disapproval arose among motorists. The Bill was introduced by the Hon. John Scott Montagu. It received the official approval of the Executive Committee of the Automobile Club, but the rank and file of ordinary motormen are decidedly hostile to the proposals, which, although removing the twelve miles an hour limit, prescribe the provision of a means of identification of ownership by a number or name publicly displayed. The Club has not replied to the journalistic criticism on the Bill, nor to the objections offered by its own members, but is shelving the matter till November next, when a Club debate will be held on this absorbing topic. It is urged that numbering, or its equivalent, is bound to come. Why should it not also be compulsory for horse-drawn carriages to exhibit marks of identity?



MR. H. M. BEDDINGTON ON HIS TWENTY-FOUR HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

THIS IS ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST CARS TO BE SEEN ABOUT LONDON.

Photograph by Thomas, Chapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

York—The Official Starter—The St. Leger.

THE meeting on the Knavesmire is not what it was. Unfortunately, the majority of the horses trained in the North Country stables are little better than platers, and the York Meeting has to be fed from Newmarket and other South Country training-grounds. Owing to the agricultural depression, many of the Yorkshire gentlemen who at one time owned large racing studs have retired from the Turf, until Lord Durham, Lord Londonderry, Mr. J. Lowther, and Mr. R. C. Vyner are the only magnates of the North who own racehorses. True, some few small professional owners run their platers in the county of broad acres, but the majority of these gentlemen can be classed among the undesirables. They go out to get money, honourably if they can; anyway, they get it. It is, therefore, not surprising to find the sport languishing on the Knavesmire, and the management will require to strengthen the programme if the old fixture is to flourish

be aided in his work by the presence of a Steward to see all fair at every start, and he should be ordered to report any breach of the rules whatever by any jockey. By-the-bye, the Stewards of a meeting might be empowered to do their own starting. They do act as Judges at many of the French meetings. But the Starter is not always responsible for the bad starts. It is often a failure of the gate that causes confusion all round. The Stewards of the Jockey Club should select the best procurable gate, and, if possible, purchase the patent-rights of the same. Then they could let them out on hire to all Clerks of Courses, who should be forbidden to use any other but the official pattern.

I am very pleased to hear that the field for the St. Leger is likely to be a good one in the point of numbers, as many owners have



"COMING!"



"TOO GOOD!"

L. C. BRAUND, THE FAMOUS SOMERSET PROFESSIONAL, BATTING AT THE NETS.

in the future. The Great Ebor Handicap attracted a very poor acceptance, and the field is not likely to be a representative one, as several of the horses left in have valuable engagements to fulfil later in the year. Orbell may run well, so should Mannlicher. If Scullion won on his merits at Ascot, he would be dangerous here; but for the actual winner I shall pin my faith to Congratulation, who is little but useful. The mare ran a good second to Glasalt at Liverpool, and the York course should suit her better than the Aintree track.

It is to be hoped the Stewards of the Jockey Club will not be in any hurry to appoint a successor to Mr. Arthur Coventry. As I have before stated in these columns, Lord Falmouth, Mr. Leonard Brassey, and the Earl of Durham are real live men, possessing a desire to do their best in the interests of the Turf without fear or favour. I feel certain they will make a good choice when they appoint a new Starter, but it is an indisputable fact that there are very few racing-men possessed of the necessary qualifications to handle the jockeys and the gate successfully. Lord Marcus Beresford was a perfect general in ordering the jockeys, but even he would, I think, have been fogged with a gate to manipulate as well. The new man should, I think, be a retired officer of strong discipline—an "R.E." man, for choice. He should

decided to start their horses on the off-chance. The Irish colt, St. Brendan, is doing well in his work. He has good speed, and is certain to stay the course. The men of observation at Newmarket fancy Royal Lancer has a big chance. But he has been more or less under suspicion, and he is hardly likely to stay the course in a strong run race. Port Blair may represent the Beckhampton stable, but, on the book, he has no chance against St. Brendan. The puzzle of the race is Sceptre. She may trot to victory or finish down the course. If fit and well on the day, she would take a lot of beating; but I should advise backers to wait until the numbers have gone up before supporting this fickle filly. Cheers may run for the Duke of Devonshire, but he is hardly class enough to win a St. Leger, and it is doubtful whether Fowling Piece is capable of improving on his recent form. Rising Glass has been doing good work. Joshua ran a stout colt at Ascot, and is a good stayer. He is very likely to get a place. Of Marsh's lot Perfectionist is doing well. It is said that John Porter will start both Friar Tuck and Cupbearer. The first-named is now all right again and is doing good work. I like Cupbearer very much, and, if sent to the post fit and well, he would be my sole selection. In my opinion, he held Ard Patrick all up the straight at Ascot. It is a pity Cupbearer is cursed with a temper. CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IF foreigners do not draw inevitable comparisons between the British watering-place and the Continental when they first visit the shores of perfidious Albion they must be very unobservant or exceedingly forbearing, or both. The difference which impresses itself between our own pet spots of sea-coast and such haunts of

of the eternal feminine. Returning, however, to the rightful chiffons of various other owners, I noticed and envied a perfectly cut dull-green canvas on the Princess Ferdinand de Lucinge-Faucigny, who was considered the *doyen* of Trouville *chic* last week, and is temporarily in this *galère*. The coat, to match, was green taffetas of the long, basqued Louis XV. style, with white embroidered pockets and cuffs, and one of the new deep guipure collars whose ends reach almost to the waist. A pearl-grey China cape with exquisite embroideries of grey and silver chenille was another masterpiece worn by a lady not unknown to fame though not an habituée of drawing-rooms. The bolero-shaped corsage was a wonder of lace incrustations, grey silk cords, and silver inlaid pearl buttons. A dress of mignonette-green *linon-de-soie* was admirably set forth by a fluffy petticoat of pale terra-cotta silk and chiffon. Frenchwomen understand the art of the *au dessous* to a nicety. Large lace chapeaux seem universally worn, and the lace veil coming exactly to the tip of the nose has a most comical effect, but has become largely adopted. The wraps which are worn all over this Kursaal finery in the evenings are things of beauty, the more frivolous being composed chiefly of lace incrustations, chiffon, and taffetas; the more solid and decidedly the smartest are of white or putty-coloured cloth largely overlaid with Irish crochet and dainty silk embroideries in pale tones; the *doublure* being in all cases a work of art—whether of gathered chiffon or rich brocade—to match all its surroundings in the orgie of millinery presented to view.

In connection with the Furness Railway Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, recently inaugurated, of which his Grace the



[Copyright.]

AN AFTERNOON-GOWN OF THE NEWEST DESIGN.

Continental light and leading as Deauville, Trouville, Etretat, San Sebastian, or Ostend variously, is a very marked one. Though handicapped in the matter of climate at home, we are infinitely more so in the managing of marine resorts. Of gay Casinos and gorgeously equipped Kursaals we have none, or flower-grown terraces, or the exquisitely frocked *mondaines* who add gaiety and decorativeness to the nations. Things which would become vulgar and vulgarised in Britain are part of the whole scheme of enjoyment abroad, and accepted as such by the most conservative Briton, who would dance at the Kursaal at Homburg or Ostend without a thought, yet would feel outraged at the suggestion that such things could be done across water—and rightly. There is, alack! no medium between insular aloofness and uncouth gaiety when Britain disports itself in holiday haunts at home, and so such social interchange as one finds abroad becomes impossible.

Now and for a few following weeks Ostend is very much *en saison*, even though Trouville has drawn away a slice of the smart contingent. Still, there are hundreds of gay cosmopolitans left, and one continuous kaleidoscopic effect is obtained by the variously coloured costumes which promenade up and down all day long or in and out of the Kursaal, like parti-coloured bees round about a hive, raising one's envy and despair at the sight of so much extravagant art and artless extravagance. Why is it, one wonders, that other women's frocks always look so much better than one's own?—other women's drawing-rooms so much more seductive?—other women's dinner-parties so much more original? There certainly is a fascination in everybody else's belongings that powerfully appeals to the restless acquisitiveness



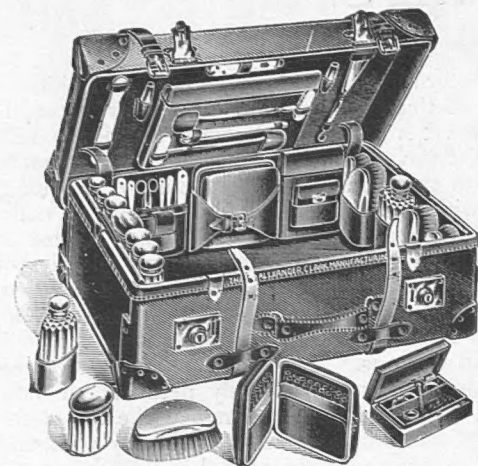
[Copyright.]

A HANDSOMELY EMBROIDERED GOWN FROM PARIS.

Duke of Devonshire, K.G., is President, the Right Hon. Sir John T. Hibbert, K.C.B., Chairman, and Alfred Aslett, Esq., Vice-Chairman, the Directors of the Company have generously given a silver Coronation Challenge Shield for annual competition between the classes held at Barrow-in-Furness, Ulverston, Millom, and Moor Row.

This is the first occasion in the history of the Company (extending over a period of fifty-six years) upon which its employees have been

afforded the opportunity of acquiring "First Aid" knowledge, and the cause has been warmly supported. About four hundred members of the staff, comprising all grades, have joined the Centre, and about two hundred have been examined for certificates. The Challenge Shield, which is a very handsome one of solid silver, bearing the coat-of-arms of the Furness Railway and medallions of their Majesties the King and Queen, has just been supplied by Messrs. Maple and Co., and is inscribed as



TRAVELLING SUIT-CASE PRESENTED TO
LORD KITCHENER.

follows: "Ambulance Competition Shield, Furness Railway Centre." Mr. H. Curson, of the General Manager's office, Barrow-in-Furness, acts as Honorary Secretary to the Centre.

The resources of the St. John Ambulance Association for the rapid treatment of accidents have become a necessity in times of great public rejoicings. Unique arrangements were made for the handling of cases during the Coronation festivities. At every available nook and corner a small ambulance-party was stationed, whose resources, comprising ambulance, stretchers, bandages, splints, and supplies of "Oxo" (the only meat-beverage used on this occasion) were as complete as the necessarily limited space would permit. The Association renders signal service at such times as these, when accidents are far more numerous than individual observers can conceive.

The splendidly fitted travelling suit-case illustrated above has been presented to Lord Kitchener by the officers of the Cameron Highlanders. The case is of solid leather and the lining and pockets of Royal red morocco, fitted with beautifully cut-glass bottles and jars and massive solid silver toilet-requisites. Each article is engraved with fancy monogram, "H. H. K." It was made by that eminent firm, The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street, W.; and 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The artistic world is largely represented on the Engadine just now, Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore being once more at the Kulm St. Moritz; while that charming singer, Miss Ada Crossley, is close at hand, and Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere are also on the heights at Vulpera. London is, in fact, left to the Shah and nothingness.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

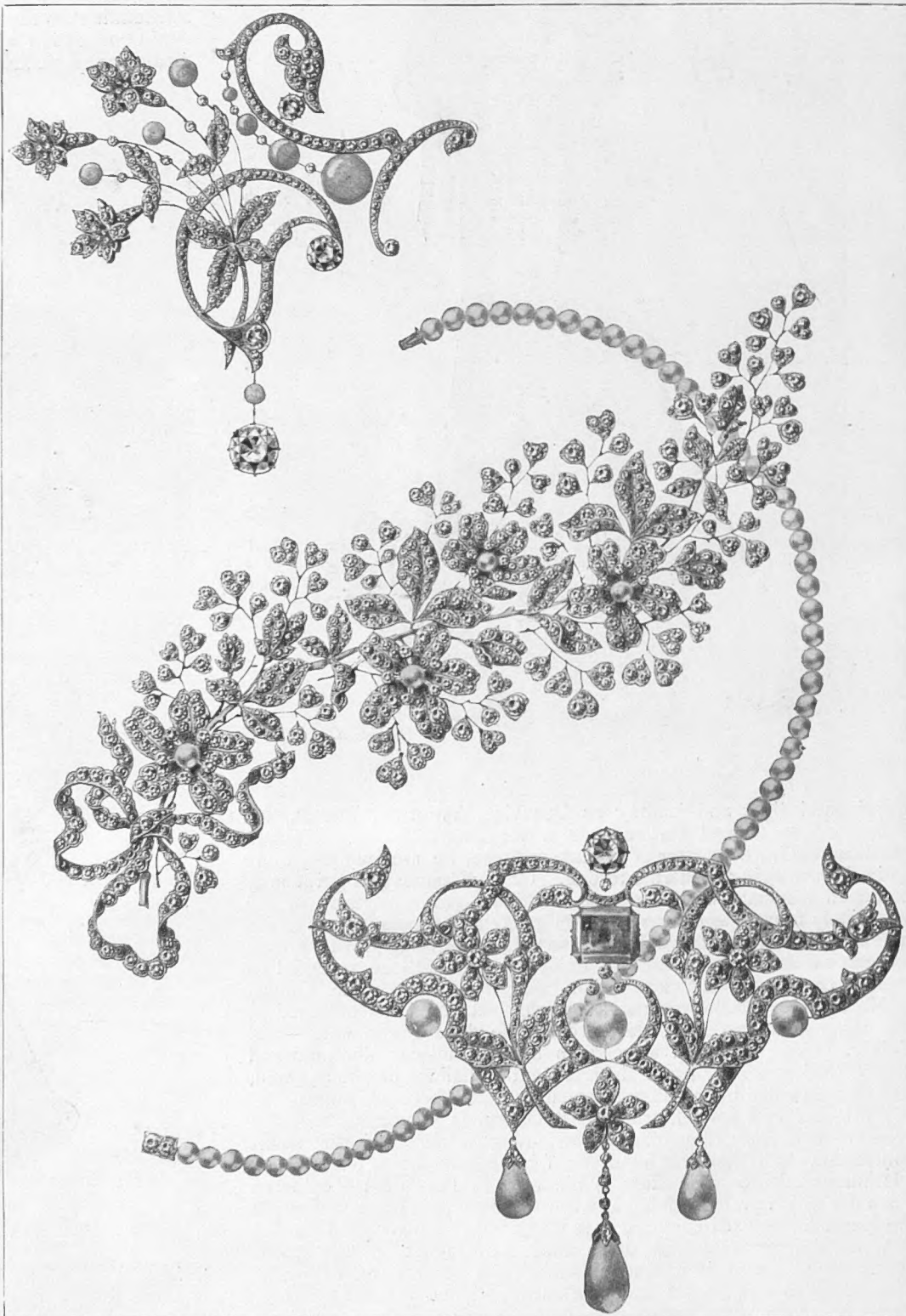
F. L.—I know of no more exquisite scent than Grossmith's "Florodora." It is unlike all other scents, but one you never tire of, and is peculiarly suitable for taking abroad, each bottle being made up in small cases, which quite protect them from the perils of travel.

SYBIL.

The excursion facilities offered by the Great Central Railway for reaching the Midlands, North of England, Scotland, West Coast of England, and Ireland, are very considerable. Cheap excursion tickets are now issued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday to Kineton (for Edge Hill) and Stratford-on-Avon. The train by which these tickets are available leaves Marylebone at 10 a.m., and passengers availing themselves of these cheap tickets have the advantage of travelling in through carriages. On Saturday, Aug. 30, cheap excursion tickets will be issued to all the principal towns in Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern districts.

"THE KING'S COUNSEL."

The *roman-à-clef*—for we have no English term for novels in which real living people are introduced—is rare in England, and perhaps many people have read the clever novel by Mr. Frank Richardson, published by Chatto and Windus, without knowing that some of our contemporaries are introduced, and possibly even in ignorance of the fact that the author has done some very clever dramatic work. The novel deals powerfully, and wittily also, with a "K.C." who cannot be identified, but one can "smoke" the Solicitor-General, called "Barton," and "Charlie" Gill, Matthews, Horace Avory, Whistler, and others. How many there are it is hard to say, nor is it quite certain who is the Chancery Judge "a martyr to insomnia on the Bench," though another whose "summing up were irrelevant soliloquies" can be identified. This sort of thing, of course, is not high art, but fortunately it happens that the book is really clever, and rich in vivid phrases, such as "One of my sons married an American with banjo-strings instead of vocal chords." "If a New York lawyer could not be bribed, it would be impossible for our millionaires to get justice." "An American lady can be made in six months and one sitting to an English portrait-painter." "Lady Hewitt was very fond of the quaint little man, but had got into the habit of not being married—as Americans acquire the habit of getting divorced." One may quote this of a wedded woman wooed wickedly: "She looked upon herself as a married woman. Vincent regarded her as a woman married." These are mere samples of clever phrases scattered lavishly in the powerful story of the King's Counsel whose neglect of his wife nearly caused a catastrophe.



AN ARTISTIC DESIGN BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 9.

ON THE FENCE.

MARKETS hardly seem to know what to make of things in general. They advance with the boldest of fronts one day, waver the next, and it's a toss-up which way they will go on the third. Investment is making itself felt with more decisiveness, but speculation has not got over the holidays yet. Consols are dull, and with the reasons for the weakness we deal in fuller detail later. Home Rails, in market parlance, are all over the place, and just when favourable dividend anticipations were heartening up the Scotch department there came a talk of trouble in connection with wages, with its concomitant fear of a strike. Interest in the English securities has died down again, and the very fair traffics now being secured are powerless to prevent a perpetual shrinkage in prices. The Yankee Market is good by fits and spasms, and the return of Mr. Morgan to New York is hailed with as much unnecessary claptrap as is the return of a "converted" member to Parliament. The Whitaker Wright business is still hanging its ugly shadow over West Australians, and several Stock Exchange men are being severely censured for what happened long ago over certain bargains in Rosslands, Kootenays, and Loddon Valleys. Kaffirs keep steady, but fail to boom in the way that Golden River shares did in the exciting novel published the other day called "The Jewel of Death." The work of two financial journalists, the story is, however, far removed from the familiar paths of the Stock Exchange, and the breathless interest which tears through the book makes it an excellent companion in these so-called summer days.

WHY CONSOLS ARE WEAK.

It would be almost as reasonable to attribute the dullness of Consols to the Bank of England's new note issue as to say it is all due to the threatened Transvaal Loan. Members of the Stock Exchange will tell you that their clients who hold Consols are not selling the stock, and he would be a daring bear who ventured to go short of Goschens now that they are so comparatively low. Of the coming Transvaal Loan, whose amount rumour puts at thirty to forty millions, the City has known vaguely for some time past, and, whether it comes in October or next March, its certainty is assured, as everybody has been well aware for months. The sooner it is out the better, for, of course, its coming will be used as a lever to depress Consols until the prospectus appears. But the true reason for the weakness of the price of the Funds lies in the overbought condition of the market—that weak bull-account which was originated at the end of May. So long as there are a few millions of that kind of stock known to be on tap, Consols cannot throw off their dullness until Government orders help the market to digest the stock now in weak hands. Taking the gilt-edged market as a whole, the demand for the highest class of investment keeps steady pace with the supply. County loans carrying 3 per cent. interest are very difficult to buy below the highest price of the wide margin quoted by the Official List of the Stock Exchange, while Crown Colony varieties are just as hard to get, with one or two exceptions. Of Australian inscribed stock there is plenty of supply, despite the Trustee character of most of the Loans. It will be an all-round relief when the Consol Market can turn round again, for the sentimental effect of joyless Goschens is great, and is by no means confined to the Capel Court section of the Stock Exchange.

THE YANKEE MARKET.

Whatever may be said as to the dizzy heights now attained by Yankee shares, the fact remains that the market is "as hard as nails," and presents strong indications of improvement. All through the dull days of summer-time have the Railroad shares kept their prices with pertinacity, and the hot weather in New York has apparently had but small effect in allaying the enthusiasm of some of the big Wall Street

speculators. Mr. Morgan has by no means got the field all to himself, and some there are who detect a shadow of danger in the spirit of competition which every now and again shows signs of springing up between rival groups. The wonder is, however, that the peace is kept so well, considering the jarring interests at stake, and the holder of Americans must devoutly thank the keen sense of self-preservation which binds the discordant spirits into a show of cohesion. Talk of consolidation and amalgamation still goes on just as merrily as it did in the gay days prior to the Northern Pacific corner, and the onlooker can only wonder where it is all going to end. That there will be a big smash some day, who can doubt? But its coming will be delayed for, perhaps, years to come, and in the meantime Yankees, as we have said, look like going better. The management of the coal-strike is not the least remarkable development of Yankee Railroad finance of the present day, and that so serious an affair has been kept so quiet is a tribute to the way in which the Wall Street magnates govern their markets. Mr. Morgan is once again at the head of the United States Steel Trust Corporation, pending Mr. Schwab's return from his "cure" for neurasthenia, and the famous financier is not likely to allow his reign to be signalised by unsensationalism. It is better to bull Steels

in these days than to bear them; indeed, the same might be said of almost any shares that one can name in the Yankee Market.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Once more we meet——"

"Oh, hang your feet!" and The Broker looked ruefully at what was a well-polished pair of boots before The Jobber stepped on them.

"You shouldn't have such tiny tootsies, Brokie," apologised his friend. "I didn't notice them lying on the ground."

"Where d'you think they'd be, you clumsy hippopotamus?" growled the offended one.

"You may call me a hippopotopoftheomnibus this morning, and I would say nothing," returned The Jobber, cheerfully. "Things is going my way at last!"

"Kaffirs?" queried The Engineer.

"The very same, sir. And they will go better yet, in my opinion."

"State your case," demanded The Merchant.

"Cheapening labour, better business, more general air of optimism, and—so forth."

"Do you think, then, that Wernher Beits and Barnatos and Robinson and the Gold Fields crowd are really bent upon making things better?"

"I do; but their action, I should say, is largely conditional upon the part played by the public."

"Alliteration is the cheapest form of forensic display," said The Broker, scornfully.

"But are the public coming in to any extent?" insisted The Merchant.

"Coily, I should say—coily," his informant continued, dwelling on the word with affection. "Ask Brokie. He ought to know."

"M!" hummed the still aggrieved one. "I find a certain amount of public demand, and still more Continental buying of the fifty and a hundred shares sort of type, but I can't say there's any rush for Kaffirs."

"If I were consulted on the point," began The Banker, laying aside his *Times*, "I should say that what is commonly called the public are developing their investment resources rather than their speculative."

"You can't buy a 4 per cent. Crown Colony stock," added The Engineer. "I wanted one of that sort the other day, and my broker could get the offer of nothing at anything like a reasonable price."

"But there is much Australian stock awaiting absorption, is there not?" asked The Banker, imparting, rather than asking, for information.

"Without a doubt," The Engineer went on. "I was offered any amount of Australian things, but they would not suit my purpose."

"Some folk are mighty particular," quoth The Broker, to whom nobody paid much attention this morning.

"In advising my many customers who consult me with reference to their investments," observed The Banker, somewhat pompously,



"My dear Sir!" exclaimed The Banker.

"I invariably reply—by dictation, of course—that the fall in Consols is not expected to last long—"

"As the man said when he slipped off the Monument," murmured The Jobber.

"—and that gilt-edged securities will recover in sympathy with the Funds," finished The Banker. "Nobody should sell their best stocks; a recovery is certain, or I am a prevaricator."

"Nothing is certain in this life," commented The Jobber, "except that you can't tell lies to a woman without being found out."

"*Experientia docet?*" inquired The Broker, with a sweet smile.

The Carriage read its newspapers again.

"Why doesn't beer go up?" wondered The Merchant presently.

"Because it's made to go down," retorted The Engineer.

"May I inquire whether you think that is smart? I was thirsting for information, not for juvenile jokes or—"

"Beer?" suggested The Jobber.

"My dear sir!" purred The Banker, reprovingly. "Do not, I pray you, allow this morning talk of ours to degenerate into the brawl of a third-rate billiard-room."

"Oh, skittles!" commenced The Jobber, but he was quenched by—

"It's rather an interesting point. One would have thought that Brewery stocks were cheap enough now to tempt the ordinary investor; at all events, the better class of Brewery Debentures, for instance."

"What is the reason for their weakness?" asked The Merchant.

"Well," said The Broker, "to some extent, it is because so many of the 'A' and other Debentures are secured upon properties bought at the height of the brewery 'boom,' which, of course, you remember."

"Yes."

"And with the deflation of Brewery properties there has come about a corresponding shrinkage in the value of the assets upon which the Debentures are secured."

"I see. There's something in it, at all events. Then you wouldn't recommend an investment in them at present, eh?"

"Some of the stocks are so low now as to have fully discounted the depreciation in the price of properties. I haven't an Official List with me, but you can almost pick out the best ones for yourself. Of course, any assistance I can render—"

"Ah, yes, thanks. Perhaps I will get you to jot me down a few later on."

The Engineer and The Jobber were quietly discussing the Jungle.

"They tell me West Africans are going better," the former said.

"George Cawston's yachting in the Mediterranean, and most of the other market leaders are away," responded The Jobber, doubtfully.

"But isn't it the kind of market which springs up when you least expect it?"

"It certainly is."

"They tell me that Sir Blundell Maple has just taken a considerable interest in Amalgamated."

"Really? That is news to me."

"There may be nothing in it, but I have first-class information as to their being likely to have a sudden jump."

"You never know *what* is going to happen in the Jungle," declared The Jobber. "I would rather stick to my own market, for myself."

"What's your pet fancy there, if I may ask?"

And now all The Carriage was listening, for it rarely heard The Jobber speak seriously—

"I've bought Welgedacht and Gedulds for my own Private Account," he said.

"Because of the Coronation Syndicate?"

"Just so. If any concerns are to get any good out of that strike in the Far East, those two should certainly be well in."

"Limited market, though," put in The Broker.

"The majority of Kaffirs seem to suffer from the same complaint nowadays," remarked The Merchant.

"The things are certainly not sufficiently distributed," assented The Broker. "Such numbers of shares are held by the controlling houses—"

"What I want to see," interrupted The Jobber, jumping up, "is for them to get *out* of these private houses. Hustle thousands of Kaffirs into public-houses and you'd see some business."

"My dear sir!" The Banker again exclaimed; but the offender was gone.

Saturday, Aug. 23, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. F. J.—We would hold the stock for a 5 per cent. recovery, although the prospects of dividend certainly look remote.

COLONIST.—No 1 is rubbish, but No 2 is a capital concern, wisely managed and very flourishing.

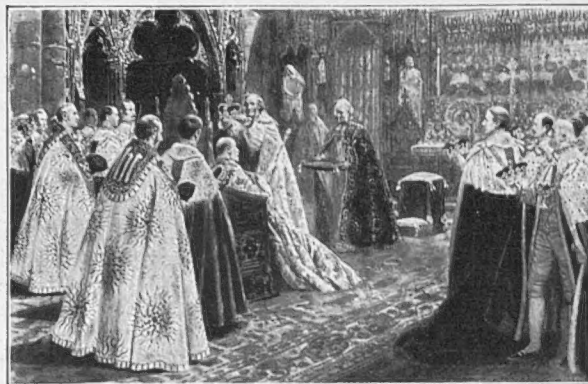
M. D.—(No 1) We presume you refer to Consolidated Tea and Land Preference. They are not a nice investment; nor do we much like the second on your list, the price of which it will probably take months to lift, if not years. But Globe Telegraph shares of either class are an excellent holding, and you can safely keep them.

H. D. C.—Your letter has been answered by post.

M. Y. B.—You have evidently not studied our Correspondence Rules. The Mining shares should be kept for a recovery.

R. W. C.—The Gold shares you have bought are by no means bad. Our own choice would probably have been New Goch or Wolhuter. We should prefer some of the Land shares mentioned in the Stock Exchange letter published in our issue of the 13th inst. to any of the Gold shares.

OUR FINE-ART PLATES.



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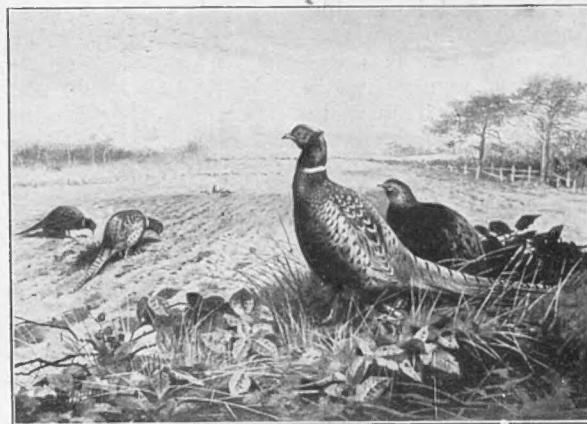
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